THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR,

MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS

OF

THE TURF, THE CHASE,

And every other Diversion interesting to

THE MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.

AUGUST, 1808.

CONTAINING

Pedigree of Mr. Cave Browne's celebrated Dog Rocket .... *Page* 203
Disputes between Gentlemen, on Points of Honour, &c. &c. 203
Sir Arthur Paget and Lady Boringdon 203
Lord Sackville and Mrs. Poulett .. 205
C. Hodge, Esq. and Mrs. Guard .. 206
Trial of Major Campbell for shooting Captain Boyd 206
Summary of the Sport at Egham Races 207
Cruel Bet 208
Humorous Dissertation on Pedestrianism 209
Singular Account of a Game Cock, Instinct in Pigeons, &c.......... 211
Incongruous Adoption 212
Encouraging Instances of Humanity to Beasts of Burden 212
Kingly Diversions 213
Singular Account of an Eagle's Nest 214
Sir John Sinclair, on Punch 215
The Perplexities of a Man of Letters 216
Shooting in Preserves 220
Campanology 222
The Trap; or, German Method of catching the Fox 224
Liberality 225
Pedigree and Performances of Regulus 226
The Africans; or, War, Love, and Duty .... *Page* 227
Unnecessary Speed 229
Instinct of a Dog 230
Dancing Women of Mysore........ 231
Feast of Wit 232
Baron Munchausen 232
Munchausen Reproved 232
Winners of Royal Plates at York, from 1710 to 1807 236
Delpini 237
Action for a Breach of the Game Laws 238
The Aswamedha Jug, or Horse Sacrifice 238
The Siller Gun.................. 239
Remarkable Instance of Courage.... 240
Mexican Tennis 240
Sporting Intelligence 241
Remarkable Shot 243
Wrestling and Single-stick 243
Extraordinary Fox-chase 244

POETRY.

Song, sung by Mr. Fawcett, in The Africans 245
The Siller Gun—a Poem 245
Partridge Shooting 247
Pugilism 248
Racing Calendar 57

Embellished with—I, A beautiful Engraving of Rocket, the Property of Mr. C. Browne; II. The Trap, an Etching.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE Gentleman who sent us two Letters from the North with the postage unpaid, should have recollected that this is not a general custom, and that in this case the reception of such communications might have been refused, or returned.—The request of the same correspondent for reprinting what he calls a favourite Shooting Song, beginning " Every Mortal some favourite Pastime pursues," is very singular, this song being to be had at all the ballad stalls in town.—The other Song, " A Southerly Wind and a Cloudy Sky," may be really scarce, and we shall be glad to obtain a copy of it.

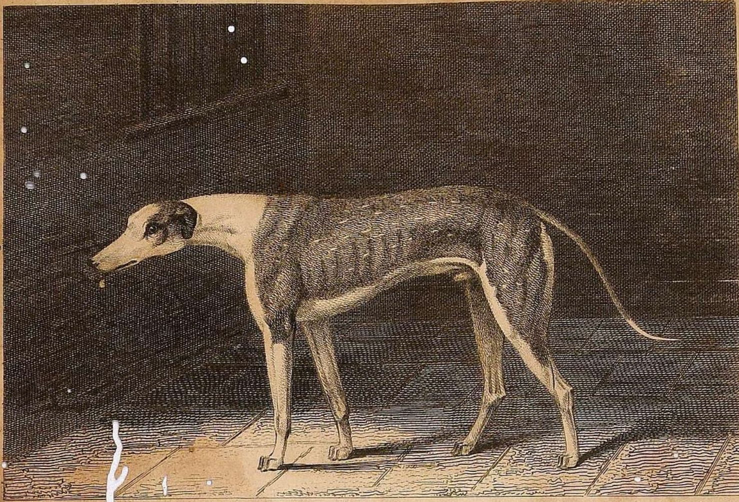
The curious old Songs sent us by another correspondent, "The Original Jolly Anglers," &c. are not forgotten.

We are sorry to find ourselves under the necessity of declining any further correspondence on the subject of " Harmonious Change Ringing," as we cannot think of becoming a party in a difference uninteresting to the generality of our readers; and besides, most of these articles previously appear in the public papers.

" A Well-wisher" should give us credit for not suffering ourselves to become the dupes of his *raillery*; 'tis a pity that good language should be so unprofitably thrown away.

ERRATUM.—In our last Magazine, page 162, line 17, of the 2d column, for " *sweet lilies*," read " *sweet lilacs*."

Gentlemen disposed to favour the Publisher of this Magazine with Original Paintings of Sporting Subjects, are assured that the utmost care shall be taken of them, and of their being safely returned. The Engravings thus taken, will be executed by the most approved Artists; and in the first style of excellence.



ROCKET, *the property of* CAVE BROWNE, *Esq*[r].

THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE;

FOR AUGUST, 1808.

PEDIGREE OF MR. C. BROWNE'S CELEBRATED DOG ROCKET.

With an Engraving of his Portraiture.

ROCKET was got by Spartacus, out of White Fly; Spartacus was got by Mr. Swinfin's Spartacus, out of Dun Swallow; White Fly was got by the late Lord Effingham's Balloon, out of Fairy, own sister to Firetail.

Rocket, though challenged by, and challenging, all the superior dogs of his day, and contending against them in all counties, was never beaten. He first distinguished himself over Newmarket Heath in the year 1805, in a match for 500gs. p. p. against the famous Tetotum, which was purchased by Colonel Graham, of Mr. Tyson, for 100gs. expressly for that purpose. The bets were two and three to one in favour of the bitch, but the dog, after an arduous struggle, proved gallantly victorious.

He afterwards ran against a famous Berkshire bitch at Ashdown Park, where victory was again his lot. This match was for 100gs. and the severity of the course was seldom equalled, never surpassed. The hare was found four miles from covert, and it was allowed by all the Berkshire and Essex sportsmen that Rocket won in a canter; the owner of the bitch also candidly admitting, that after the first mile his adversary never served him a turn.

He has run at various coursing meetings, and with decided success, whenever the goodness of the ground, and the stoutness of the hare, allowed a trial for his superior powers; indeed he is allowed by the most experienced sportsmen to be the stoutest and best greyhound that has been exhibited for many years.

DISPUTES BETWEEN GENTLEMEN,

On Points of Honour, &c. &c. &c.

SIR A. PAGET AND LADY BORINGDON.

OUR readers will find, by recurring to our last Number, that in this notorious case, the guilty actors in this matrimonial tragedy very discreetly suffered judgment to go by default. By this tacit admission of their criminality, the progress of the lady's *seduction* was held aloof from human observation, nor were the public disgusted with a circumstantial detail of events, which contaminate in their exhibition, and merely afford matter to some depraved journalists, to insult the feelings of a suffering husband, by endeavouring to make the injured ridiculous, at the expence of a nation's morals!

There are some features of interest in this event, which excite

an

an unusual degree of concern and reprobation. We find a young lady of rank and fortune, with a mind highly embellished, and the immediate member of an illustrious family; she is married to a nobleman of dignified manners, whose mind was untainted with those systems of frivolity, which too generally form the prominent characteristic of our young men of fashion. From such an union it might reasonably be supposed, that an example would be firmly established to which Hymen would refer with triumph, when the force and purity of his dominion was questioned either by Vice or Folly.

This seemingly happy pair were blessed with children, and their felicity became undoubted, as the lady wrote letters to her Lord, of which Cornelia need not have been ashamed, comprehensively expressive of the utmost tenderness of affection. In accordance with her noble husband, she received the sacramental test at the altar of her God! What further confirmation would dissolute scepticism itself require of a spotless mind? Her Lord attended his duty in Parliament, as a Peer of the realm, anxious for his country's good; and, while deliberating upon the fearful crisis of his native land, a martial *Lothario* knocks at his door, trips deliberately up stairs to his beloved wife, and stylishly arranges the meretricious *denouement* for the ensuing day; when he repeats his illicit visit, and, in the full meridian, unvizored and undisguised, he takes the lady from her supplicating infants and her boushold gods, under *his* protection, walks with *sang froid* towards Oxford-street, calls a hackney coach, and drives to an obscure house at Walham Green, where they remained during several weeks, in defiance of the law, the Gospel, and an inquisitive and offended world!—May we not exclaim with the ghost in Hamlet, on this occasion,

"Oh! what a falling off was there!"

If it were possible, it would be essentially momentous to enquire and ascertain, by what secret means the judgment can be thus suddenly twisted from its moral bias.—Though we have a propensity to original sin, certainly we have the ability to counteract that inclining; otherwise the satirical poet would be fully warranted when he asserts, that

"When weak women go astray,
"Their stars are more in fault than they."

Or is it, that there is an innate repugnance to control, of any species, so mingled in our anatomy and affections, that we would rather be erroneously free than virtuously coerced?

The evil effects of this barefaced deed of infidelity are not lessened by the consideration, that the gallant has had the honour of being the representative of his Majesty, on a diplomatic mission of the first order. We are aware that it is the growing fashion of the times to laugh all reproof out of countenance that may be directed against offences of this cast, and that even the monitor is not exempt from danger; but as they militate, in a heavy manner, against the re[illegible] importance of the softer sex, and leave all the advantages to man, we are persuaded that the thinking part of society will not deem a violation of duty less odious, because the perpetrator can brave mankind, and claim an unqualified exemption from shame, in the profligacy of modern manners.

It

It was said of the Richlieu family, in France, that they were licentious by descent; but this apology for contaminated blood will not apply either to the hero or the heroine of this modish pantomime; at least by the maternal sources.—The grandfather and grandmother of the lady were an honest, plodding, moral couple, who scrupulously obeyed the injunctions of the Sabbath, and became rich upon the solid basis of character! The grandfather of the gallant was a dignitary of the church in Ireland, who had a large but amiable family, and of whom it has been said, that all his sons were brave, and all his daughters virtuous.—The writer of this knew him well, and once inscribed under his portrait,

Magnum et venerabile nomen.

He was not one of those Muscadins of the church, who encourage the establishment of sectaries by a carelessness of agency, which, in an ecclesiastic, is most fatal to orthodoxy; but one who solemnly applied the ethics of the New Testament for the amelioration of human misery, and was so singularly exemplary as to make his life an illustration of his text.

We shall conclude these remarks on connubial irregularities, by a quotation from a courtly but canonical author, who wrote on the same theme in the latter part of the reign of Louis the Fourteenth, when the ladies of Paris were reported to have been more addicted to gallantry than grace.

"Les desordres que l'on voit dans les mariages ne viennent-ils point de la mauvaise education, que l'on donne aux jeunes filles? on n'a jamais tant vu de demandes en separation ni de divorces. Toutes les filles souhaitent avec empressement d'etres mariées; toutes les femmes voudroient etre veuves.—A peine ont-elles la patience d'attendre qu'une mort naturelle les delivre de leurs epoux, qu'elles regardent comme leurs tyrans, ou leurs plus grands ennemis. On ne croioit pas, si on ne le voyoit de ses yeux, a quels remedes elles ont recours, & dans quel abime de malheurs elles se plongent pour s'affranchir de cette tyrannie imaginaire!" W.

Under this head, of disputes among gentlemen, on points of honour, &c. we shall briefly state, in a few paragraphs, such occurrences as have application to this article of our Miscellany, and are therefore placed here for future comment.

Lord Viscount Sackville, by appointment, met Mrs. Poulett, wife of Colonel Poulett, of Southampton (a lady who has children by her husband) at the White Hart, Winchester, on the 10th of June, and with very little precaution or secrecy on either side, contrived to get together in a bedchamber up stairs, in the day-time, and in which a criminal intercourse took place between them. The mistress of the inn, who witnessed enough to prove the fact, disclosed the transaction, and her husband acquainted Colonel Poulett with it. An action was brought by the Colonel against his Lordship, and tried at the present Summer Assizes at Winchester: the damages were laid at 10,000l. the Jury gave 3000l.

Two or three similar instances of dishonourable baseness and depravity have since taken place between parties

parties of inferior note. There is, however, one that claims mention, being of some importance. At the last Assizes for the county of Devon, an action for Crim. Con. was tried, brought by Lieutenant-Colonel Guard, of the 45th regiment of foot, against Charles Hodge, Esq. of Ottery St. Mary, and the damages were laid at 10,000l.

By the evidence, it appeared that the plaintiff, in the year 1800, had married Miss Coxon, of Kinsale, in the kingdom of Ireland, and that three children were the fruit of this union; that they lived together on terms of the greatest possible affection. That in November, 1806, the regiment being ordered to Buenos Ayres, the plaintiff was obliged to accompany it; his wife could scarcely be prevailed on to remain at home, and nothing but the positive orders of the Commander in Chief hindered her from sharing, with her husband, the dangers of the campaign. Lieutenant-Colonel Guard having embarked at Plymouth, his disconsolate wife came to reside during his absence at Ottery St. Mary, near the friends of her husband: here her acquaintance with the defendant first commenced. The lady was about twenty-six years of age: Mr. Hodge twenty-three. It came out in evidence, that Mrs. Guard was a fine handsome woman, of a volatile disposition, possessing a levity of manners, and fond of admiration. Mr. Hodge was a handsome gay young man, particularly attached to the fair sex. The consequence of this intimacy was a mutual attachment: and in the March following the criminal connexion appeared to have taken place, which continued, in the most open and unguarded manner, till the return of the husband.

We shall forbear detailing any of the circumstances which came out in the course of the trial, contenting ourselves with stating, that a child was the consequence of this amour. On Lieutenant-Colonel Guard's return from abroad, a correspondence took place between him and his wife, in which she acknowledged her guilt, upbraided herself for the levity of her conduct, which had brought her into this state of disgrace, and sent to her injured husband all the letters of her paramour. These being the principal points which came out on the prosecution, Mr. Jekyll, on the part of the defendant, made as good a speech as a bad cause would admit, in mitigation of damages; described the defendant's age and situation, the temptation placed before him, as well as the inability of his client to pay large damages if they were awarded. The Jury returned a verdict for 3000l.

DUELLING in Ireland has received a check by the trial and conviction of Brevet-Major Thomas Campbell, a Captain in the 21st regiment of foot, for the murder of Captain Alexander Boyd, of the same regiment: he was tried at the Armagh Assizes. Campbell and Boyd had a dispute about some orders given out by General Ker, at an inspection, and some irritating language passed; this was in the evening. Shortly after, Major Campbell sent a message by a mess-room waiter to Captain Boyd, and they met unattended: they fired in a room at each other, at seven paces, and Boyd was mortally wounded. The case rested much on the evidence of Lieutenant Macpherson, of the same regiment, and which was as follows;—John Mac-

Macpherson stated, that he is a Lieutenant in said regiment; knew Major Campbell and Captain Boyd; recollects the day of the duel; on the evening of that day, going up stairs about nine o'clock, he heard, as he thought, Major Campbell say—" On the words of a dying man, is every thing fair?" He got up before Captain Boyd replied; he said " *Campbell, you have hurried me—you're a bad man.*" Witness was in coloured clothes, and Major C. did not know him, but said again—" Boyd, before this stranger, and Lieutenant Hall, was every thing fair?" Captain B. replied —" *O no, Campbell! you know I wanted you to wait and have friends.*" Major C. then said—" Good God, will you mention before these gentlemen, was not every thing fair; did not you say you were ready?" Captain B. answered " Yes;" but in a moment after said—" Campbell, you're a bad man." Captain B. was helped into the next room, and Major C. followed, much agitated, and repeatedly said to Captain B. that he (Boyd) was the happier man of the two—" I am (says Major C.) an unfortunate man, but I hope not a bad one." Major C. asked Captain B. if he forgave him; he stretched out his hand, and said—" I forgive you—I feel for you, and am sure you do for me." Major C. then left the room.

Much collateral evidence was adduced, but nothing more occurred as to any thing said by Captain Boyd in his last moments, except his asking the Quarter-Master of the Regiment for Major Campbell, and adding, " Poor man, I am sorry for him."

The Jury, after half an hour's consultation, brought in a verdict *Guilty of Murder*, but recommended him to mercy on the score of character only. He was sentenced to be executed on the Monday following the trial, but was afterwards respited. Petitions were sent off immediately to the Lord Lieutenant for mercy. The Grand and Petty Juries signed petitions in his favour. Mrs. Campbell, wife of Major Campbell, instantly proceeded to Dublin, where, on finding the packet had sailed, she hired an armed boat, and a couple of undaunted Irish watermen, after a tedious and dangerous voyage, safely landed her at Holyhead, from whence she proceeded in all haste to Windsor, to implore the royal mercy. She has, on her knees, solicited in the most pathetic terms the intercession not only of her Majesty, but of all the Princesses, and the Prince of Wales; but it is understood that no hopes have been given that her application would be attended with success.

SUMMARY OF THE SPORT
AT THE
EGHAM RACES.

(The Details in our next Month's Racing Calendar.)

TUESDAY, (first day) the Noblemen and Gentlemen's Plate, of Fifty Pounds, for all ages, was won by Lord Barrymore's Pavilion, beating Mr. Jeffrey's gr. f. Miss Slender, and Mr. Heath's b. h. Rumbo.

A Subscription of Forty Guineas each, the owner of the second horse to receive back his Stake, for all ages, was won by Lord Egremont's Canopus, beating the Duke of York's b. c. Fuscus, and three others.

The

The first year of the Surrey Stakes, of 50gs. each, h. ft. for colts and fillies, then two years old, foals in the county of Surrey, the last half the new mile, was won by Mr. Durand's br. c. by Teddy, out of Ramschoondra, beating Sir Joseph Mawbey's br. c. Botley's and Mr. Page's b. f. Cinderella, by Teddy.

Wednesday, the Magna Charta Stakes, of 50gs. each, h. ft. for three-year olds', the new mile, were won by Lord Egremont's b. c. brother to Trafalgar, beating Mr. Ladbroke's b. c. by Teddy, dam by Precipitate.

The Ladies' Plate of 50l. for three and four-year olds, the best of three two-mile heats, was won by Lord Stawell's b. f. Brighton Lass, beating Mr. Fermor's br. c. Stripling, Mr. Ladbroke's b. c. by Gohanna, and Lord Egremont's b. f. by Gohanna.

Lord Egremont's Lazy filly bolted during the first heat, and was distanced.—Before starting, 6 to 4 on the field against the favourite, the Lazy filly; 4 and 5 to 1 against Brighton Lass, and 3 to 1 against Lord Egremont. Both heats won easy.

Mr. Trevanion's Lewes, beat Mr. F. Craven's Bantam, for 50gs; two miles.—A good race.

Thursday, (the last day) the Sweepstakes of 30gs each, 20 ft. for two-year olds', the last half of the new mile, was won by Lord Egremont's ch. f. by Gohanna, beating Sir C. Bunbury's b. f. by Sorcerer, Mr. Ladbroke's b. c. Trinculo, the Duke of Clarence's Cinderella, the Duke of York's ch. h. Silvermere, and Mr. Fermor's b. f. Jocasta.

Egham and Staines Handicap Plate of 50l. for all ages; the best of three heats, two miles and a quarter to each heat, was won by Mr. Heath's b. h. Rumbo, beating Lord Barrymore's br. h. Pavillion, Mr. Trevanion's b. h. Lewes, Mr. Cumming's br. h. Jump-off, and Ld Stawell's b. f. Brighton Lass.—Before starting, 5 to 4 agst Brighton Lass, 2 to 1 agst Pavilion, 3 to 1 against Lewes, and 5 to 1 against Rumbo and Jump-off.—The heat cast a gloom over the countenances of the betting men. Brighton Lass was a great favourite; and at the turn into the strait mile, the whole of the horses run on the wrong side the post. The favourite and Jump-off run in, and Brighton Lass won the heat; but, on the arrival of the other horses at the stand, it turned out that they had returned and gone round the post, and that the two which were afterwards declared to be distanced, had not. The Dukes of York and Clarence (Stewards) were consulted, who declared the heat in favour of Rumbo. The three horses started for the second heat, and bettings were 2 to 1 against Rumbo, 6 to 4 against Pavilion, and 5 to 2 against Lewes.

CRUEL BET.

ON Saturday evening, the 27th instant, a number of persons assembled at Hyde Park Corner, to witness the setting out of a poney, which was matched for a bet of 500 guineas, to start with the Exeter mail and to be in Exeter first, with or without a rider. The man who led the poney is at liberty to take a fresh post-horse as often as he pleases. It was with the mail, on Sunday morning, at Basingstoke; odds were then in favour of the poney.—The distance is near 180 miles, and is generally performed by the mail in about 28 hours.

HUMOUR.

HUMOROUS DISSERTATION ON PEDESTRIANISM.

MR. EDITOR,

IN this age of pedestrianism, perhaps it may not be unamusing to some of your very numerous readers, to see a few strictures on the different modes of walking.

An eminent divine (Barrow) remarks, that "by an usual and apposite manner of speaking, our tenor of life is called a *way*, our conversation *walking*, our actions *steps*, our observing good laws *uprightness*, our transgressing of them *tripping, faultering, falling*. The metaphor of *walking*, indeed, as applied to conduct in general, occurs so frequently in that book, which, above all others, abounds in beautiful imagery, that it would be superfluous to point out instances.

A variety of *gaits* may be observed in this metropolis, and which arise from the freedom of our political constitution. Every man, whatever other restraints he may be under, is permitted to walk as he pleases, provided he does not jostle his neighbour. This is not the case in despotic countries, nor among a frivolous people; the one is confined by power, and the other by fashion, to a certain stated and uniform way of walking. I think it would be no superfluous part of education to learn to *walk consistently*, and *in character*, and I shall therefore suggest a few hints on the different modes of *walking*, which, I hope, will be found not altogether unprofitable.

Of all others, the *upright walk* is best in itself, and at the same time most becoming in appearance. Even a dancing-master will agree with me in this, although he and I may differ as to the means by which it is to be acquired. My instructions would be entirely directed to such means of walking uprightly as would leave the scholar at perfect freedom, and yet inspire him with an uniform disposition to hold up his head in any way through which he has to pass, or in any society or company in which he is required to display his motions. For this purpose, it is merely necessary that he preserve the exact perpendicular, by carefully avoiding those inclinations which are deviations from it.—Among these may be mentioned, the looking too much on one side, bending too much forward, and the filling the breeches pocket too frequently, and with that eager squeeze and pressing down, which seldom fail to make a man stoop lower than becomes his character.

Another direction, not less profitable, may be, to walk in a straight-forward direction. The moment a man begins to turn, sometimes to the right and sometimes to the wrong, down crooked alleys and oblique passages, he no longer crosses the horison at right angles; he loses his balance; and if he escapes a fatal fall, yet he stumbles so frequently and so awkwardly, that even his friends are ashamed of him, and the world at large, without any great breach of charity, doubts whether he be the *good walker* he pretends to be.

When we see another taking pains to get on in the road, not by bold strides, by spirited efforts of uncommon daring, but by little and pitiful steps, we may conclude he has contracted an incurable *hobble in his gait*.

On the other side, there are men who have such a natural aversion to the foundation of all *good walking*, as not to know, or, if they know,

know, to despise the first principles thereof, who are to-day of one opinion and to-morrow of another, sometimes influenced by flattery, sometimes by passion, and sometimes by drink; such *walkers* we may at once see are addicted to *halting*.

Some again there are who, without being absolutely ignorant of them, yet despise all rules of *upright walking*, who study laws only to evade them, acquire some knowledge of religion only to sneer at it, and form acquaintances only to deceive them. Their motions and actions are bounded by no prospect but that of a gibbet, and while they can act on this side of that object, they think themselves safe. With the affectation of simplicity, they are perfect masters of all the arts of cunning, and with many of the excuses of poverty, study nothing but the accumulation of wealth. These may be known by their *gambling gait*, and are therefore denominated *shufflers*.

There is a very considerable class of *walkers*, who are regardless of the way, and seem to have very confused notions of time and distance. They are to be seen sometimes *walking* slower than is necessary, sometimes *running* faster than their health will permit, and sometimes *leaping* or *hopping* as the frolic seizes them. They are supposed to have some defect in their sight, as they cannot see far before them, and run headlong upon every thing hurtful in their way. They are therefore easily misled, and unfortunately, in great towns especially, there are some persons who take a great delight in misleading them. They have likewise this peculiarity in the affair of walking, that their feet have a sort of habitual tendency to carry them into any house rather than their own. They may be seen constantly stepping into taverns and bagnios, where they trip and fall upon one mischievous object or another, without the least foresight or apprehension. Such men, who are generally of the younger sort, cannot with much propriety be said to *walk*, as their motion, more closely observed, resembles *reeling*.

There is another class, not wholly unconnected with the former, whose only object is quickness of motion, and to reach their journey's end by rapid strides. They care little about the forms of walking, or the uprightness of motion, suggested above. All their desire is, to go over a certain *course* in the shortest time possible. In order to perform this, they disencumber themselves of every thing that can add to their weight, as common sense, reflection, the relative duties, and particularly the metals of gold and silver, which are reckoned the heaviest, and they derive the most enlivening encouragement from moving in great numbers, cheering one another with noise, and not only starting fair, but moving in as equal a pace as if by the aid of music. Such is the rapidity of their career, that if any drop by the way they are left there, the remainder having neither time nor inclination to attend to them; and often indeed are disposed to laugh at the fallen for their presumption, in endeavouring to keep pace with them. The names of many of these expeditious persons, who do not contend who shall walk uprightly, but who shall walk most swiftly, may be frequently seen in a publication, entitled, *The London Gazette*.

I shall mention another class of walkers,

walkers, viz. that of men who walk so straight, and carry their heads so high, as to pass for upright, although they have in fact a wonderful tendency to move in another direction, and would have moved in another direction, if by some incident they had not got a twist upwards. From some circumstance in their history, and particularly from a toss or jerking motion of their heads, they have been called *upstarts*, and the reason of their holding up so firmly as rather to incline backwards than forwards, is said to be, that they originally held their heads as low as they could, consistently with life, and having been, as already hinted, enabled to rise, they rose with such an elastic bounce, or spring, as to give their shape a direction towards the other extreme. Their gait is not, however, very graceful, as they soon swell so immoderately as to impede free breathing, and, in fact, it has been found, they cannot breathe where and in what manner they formerly did. From their peculiar motions, their distance of aspect, their carrying their head so high as not to be able to see their nearest relations or oldest acquaintances, they may be considered as *walking upon stilts*.

In a Dissertation on Walking, the interests of the fair sex must not be overlooked. Perhaps some of them may be virtually included in one or other of the classes above-mentioned; but in whatever way they think proper to walk, it behoves them to consider that *circumspection* is of more importance to them than to the other sex, particularly as

"One false step entirely damns their fame."

Your's, &c.

PETER PERIPATETIC.

SINGULAR ACCOUNT OF A GAME COCK; INSTINCT IN PIGEONS, &c.

IN Captain Careleton's Memoirs, lately published, he relates the circumstance of a game cock being on board Lord Rodney's ship on the famous 12th of April. This noble fellow being by accident loose, took his station on a coil of ropes on the quarter-deck, near to the Admiral, and on the firing of every broadside, he crowed with all his might and main; as if he fully comprehended that this was an effort against an enemy, in which he concurred with all his heart. This champion is immortalised by being painted in Gainsborough's picture of Admiral Lord Rodney, by whom the cock was highly valued.

The Captain states further:—"We had on board the London, (where he was a volunteer), a great number of pigeons, of which our commander was very fond; these, on the first firing of our cannon, dispersed and flew away, and were seen no more near us during the fight, (viz. the 12th of April.) The next day it blew a brisk gale, and drove our fleet some leagues to the southward of the place where they had forsaken our ship, yet the day after they all returned safe a-board—not in one flock, but in small parties of four or five at a time. Some persons at that time a-board the ship, were told by Sir Edward Spragge, that he brought those pigeons with him from the Streights, and that when, pursuant to his order, he left the Revenge man of war, to go a-board the London, all those pigeons, of their own accord, and without the trouble of carrying, left the Revenge likewise,

likewise, and removed with the sailors on board the London, where I saw them, all which many of the sailors confirmed to me.—What sort of instinct this could proceed from, I leave to the curious."—*Memoirs of Captain Careleton, p.* 11.

INCONGRUOUS ADOPTION.

TO THE EDITOR,

SIR,

LATELY reading in one of your former volumes an anecdote of a leveret nurtured by a cat, it called to my remembrance an incident nearly similar to it, which happened some years since at the house of a gentleman of my acquaintance.—A fox had been dug out of its earth, and was brought one evening to the house, to be kept till the next morning, when it was to be turned out before a pack of hounds. A female rabbit, with two sucking ones, were procured for his refreshment, and the fox accordingly ate up one for his supper; but in the night he found means of effecting his escape. A cat, who had lately kittened in the house, found suck for the young rabbits, and taking compassion on the poor orphans, nourished them as she would have done were they her own offspring, and seemed even to pay them uncommon attention; for she frequently carried them in her mouth to different parts of the house, even into garrets, for greater security from any enemies, whom she apprehended might injure them, and more particularly from a young terrier, who was also kept in the house. One of these rabbits died in two or three days, but the other lived till it was able to run about the house after its nurse, who continued to treat it with the utmost tenderness and affection, but whose cares were unavailing to preserve her adopted from the enemy she most suspected, the terrier, who finally demolished the poor rabbit, to the great grief of its foster-mother.

M. C.

July 23d.

ENCOURAGING INSTANCES OF *Humanity to Beasts of Burden.*

MR. EDITOR,

HAVING lived in a neighbourhood, where a man in a very humble walk of laborious life used daily to serve some of the neighbours with vegetables, whose good humour with his beast, and the playfulness of the latter, as well as appearance, were a "a credit to his keeper" if such a thing of an ass may be spoken, give me leave to relate another anecdote of a third person, who rejoices in every trait characteristic of humanity even to brutes. Reflecting, says he, upon the blessings arising from social intercourse and domestic happiness, as an old woman was leading a female ass, followed by her foal, the latter was rather playful, and she was stopping till it came up; I demanded of her the price of the young one. "Tis not to be sold," she replied; "my husband means to keep it to do the work of this poor old creature," patting the ass upon the back: "she has been the best creature in the world; when she first became the property of my husband, she had been used

most

most cruelly, her back was hurt, she was all over sores and bruises, and could scarcely walk, but we nursed her up, and by good treatment soon got her about. She has amply rewarded us for our pains, for in Midsummer time we make a good deal by her milk, and she serves well for my husband to bring fruit and other things out of the country; in winter, too, she does all that is required of her; but, poor thing, her feet now begin to fail, and she must soon give up working, but a better tempered quieter creature never lived; and, as for that little fellow, though he can be playful occasionally, he means no harm; he is so gentle, you may do any thing with him, and see how well he looks. This, (said she, in a tone of affection and pleasure) is all from good treatment; and shame on those, for many there are, who behave with cruelty to poor dumb animals."

KINGLY DIVERSIONS.

A Striking instance of the rude and unpolished manners in ancient times, occurs in a very curious and authentic manuscript, a copy of which is in possession of Thomas Astle, Esq. containing, amongst other things, the private expences of King Edward the Second, who was born in the Eagle Tower of Carnarvon Castle, wherein it appears, that *cross and pile,* or tossing up *heads or tails,* (as it is now called) was a royal diversion; that the King travelled in a returned barge, which had conveyed faggots to his court, and was not only highly delighted with the coarse humours of a buffoon dancing on a table, and another falling several times from his horse, but also deemed them worthy of a reward. The record is written in Welch, of which the following is a translation:—

Item, paid to the King himself, to play at cross and pile, by the hands of Richard de Merworth, the receiver of the treasury, 13d.

Item, paid there to Henry, the King's barber, for money which he lent to the King to play at cross and pile, 5s.

Item, paid there to Peres Barnard, Usher of the King's Chamber, money which he lent to the King, and which he lost at cross and pile, to Monsieur Wattewylle, 8d.

Item, paid to the King himself to play at cross and pile, by Peres Barnard, 2s. and which the said Peres won of him.

Item, paid to Sir William de Kyngeston, for cabbage to make pottage in the boat.

Tuesday, the 17th day of October, at Walton, paid at Shene, to James Hoggesworth, Henry de Anstran, Robert Sealour, Henry May, Robyn Stronball, John Warwyn, and Henry Smallsponne, for the wages of the seven bargemen, working in the barge or boat, and Thomas Atte Lese, each taking 3d. per day, from Tuesday the 13th day of October, to Friday the 18th day of the same month, reckoning four days, and bringing from Byflete and Shene 1540 faggots, in a boat, for my Lady Despencer, residing at the said Shene, by water, in the said boat or barge, to Cyppenham, 7d.

The 14th of March.—Item, paid to James de St. Albans, the King's painter, who danced before the King upon a table, and made him laugh heartily, being a gift from the King's own hands, in aid to

to him, his wife, and children, 1l. 1s.

Item, paid at the lodge at Wolmer, when the King was stag-hunting there, to Morrice Ken, of the kitchen, because he rode there before the king, and often fell from his horse, at which the King laughed exceedingly; a gift by command, 20s.

SINGULAR ACCOUNT
OF AN
EAGLE's NEST.

From Hall's Travels in Scotland, by an Unusual Route.

NOT many miles from Castle Grant, I found a gentleman who was not displeased that a couple of eagles, whose nest I went to see regularly every summer, build one on a rock in the hill, not far from his house. There was a stone within a few yards of it, about six feet long, and nearly as broad, and upon this stone, almost continually, but always when they, the eagles, had young, the gentleman and his servants found a number of muir fowl, partridges, hares, rabbits, ducks, snipes, ptarmacans, rats, mice, &c. and sometimes kids, fawns, and lambs. When the young eagles were able to hop the length of this stone, to which there was a narrow road, hanging over a dreadful precipice, as a cat brings live mice to her kittens, and teaches them to kill them, so the eagles, I learned, often brought hares and rabbits alive, and placing them before their young, taught them to kill and tear them to pieces. Sometimes, it seems, hares, rabbits, rats, &c. not being sufficiently tamed, got off from the young ones while they were amusing themselves with them; and one day, a rabbit got into a hole, where the old eagle could not find it. The eagle, one day, brought to her young ones the cub of a fox, which, after it had bitten some of them desperately, attempted to escape up the hill, and would, in all probability, have accomplished it, had not the shepherd, who was watching the motion of the eagles, with a view to shoot them, (which they do with bullets, swan-shot not being able to penetrate their feathers) prevented it. As the eagles kept what might be called an excellent larder, when any visitors surprised the gentleman, he was in the habit of sending his servants to see what the eagles had to spare, and who scarcely ever returned without something good for the table.—Game of all kinds, it is well known, is the better for being kept a considerable time.

When the gentleman or his servants carried off things from the eagle's shelf or table, near the nest, (for it was next to impossible to approach the nest itself) the eagles were active in replenishing it; but when they did not take them away, the old ones loitered about inactive, amusing themselves with their young, till the stock was nearly exhausted.

When the hen eagle was hatching, the table or shelf of the rock was generally kept well furnished for her use. While the eagles were very young, her mate generally tore a wing from the fowls for her, and a leg from the beasts he frequently brought. Those eagles, as is generally the case with animals that are not gregarious, were faithful to one another, but would not permit

permit any of their young to build a nest, or live near them, always driving them to a considerable distance. The eagles of this country are uncommonly large and voracious, and their claws are so long and strong, that they are used by young people as a horn, with a stopper, for holding snuff, and carried regularly in the pocket for that purpose.

SIR JOHN SINCLAIR, ON PUNCH.

NO species of liquor has been more condemned*, or more loudly celebrated, than Punch.—This drink consists of spirits diluted with water, and a certain proportion of acid and sugar, making a mixture of substances very opposite in their nature, being strong and weak, sweet and sour. Some contend, that half a pint of old strong beer, in a moderate bowl of punch, will mellow the fire of the spirit considerably, or that half a pint of green tea is a useful additional ingredient. Where the acid does not disagree with the stomach, punch is certainly wholesomer than grog, or spirits and water, or toddy, which is grog with the addition of sugar,† When punch is made in perfection, the water should be thoroughly boiled; the sugar, water, and fruit, should be well mixed before the spirits are put in, and the fruit used should be ripe and generous.

As punch was some years ago the principal liquor drank, after dinner and supper, in Glasgow, I thought it right to enquire into the effects of that practice on the general health of those who took it, and whether it had any particular effect in producing or preventing the gout or gravel. The answers to those enquiries differ so much from each other, that it is impossible to draw any positive conclusion from them, though, on the whole, the evidence seems to be rather favourable to the article in question. It appears from these answers, that the most opulent merchants in that great commercial city do not drink so much punch as formerly, wine having become a more fashionable drink; or, instead of one overflowing social bowl, in the preparing

* Cheyne in his Essay on Health, p. 55, says, "That next to drams, no liquor deserves to be more stigmatised, and banished the repast of the tender valetudinary and studious, than punch. It is a composition of such parts, as not one of them is salutary or kindly to such constitutions, except the pure element in it."

† It is remarked, that the drinkers of toddy get sooner intoxicated than those who drink punch.

Punch, says Dr. Falk (Guard of Health, p. 449), is an extemporary kind of wine, and, if judiciously made, there is no doubt of its being the finest drink in the universe to the palate, but there is not a more pernicious liquid to the constitution, if abused.

Dr. Adair observes (Essay on Diet and Regimen, p. 47), that punch, which is a species of wine, is the safest manner of diluting ardent spirits; both the acid and the sugar counteracting the stimulus of the spirit. It is therefore a safer drink than grog or toddy. A very strong man, who drank grog instead of punch, found that his hand shook. He returned to his weak punch, and his hand became steady.

of

of which more attention was paid to the cookery, every guest now makes his own punch in a separate glass or tumbler.

The punch that was the ordinary drink of the people of Glasgow some years ago, was in general made weak, with more or less acid, according to taste. Great care was taken to use none but the best old Jamaica rum. This kind of liquor might be drank in large quantities with safety; it passed freely off, and seldom occasioned a head-ache. Many persons, I am informed, used this drink for a great number of years, without feeling any bad effects from it, and arrived at a good old age, in health of body and vigour of mind: "and I believe (adds one of my informants), that punch is the safest of all drinks."

With some persons, the acid in punch is found not to agree, occasioning heartburn, and unpleasant acidity in the stomach; but this effect can be easily corrected by a little magnesia. Persons who have injured the tone of their stomachs by dram-drinking, or high-seasoned dishes, are those with whom the acid is most apt to disagree. The stone is a disease very little known in Glasgow, and the gout, hitherto, has been seldom heard of. The punch formerly used had little tendency to produce either of those diseases, unless where there existed a strong hereditary disposition to it. They are now more frequent than formerly, and will increase as the luxury of the table, and the use of wine and strong ale, increases.

From another respectable quarter I am informed, that in the best society of Glasgow, neither wine nor punch is drank to such excess as formerly: that in cold weather some drink hot punch, in warm weather all drink it cold; and some, who value themselves on the superior flavour of their rum and fruit, drink it cold at all times.—There are many suppositions regarding the peculiarities of Glasgow, in respect to living and diseases; but it is generally believed that gout and gravel are less prevalent there than in other great towns; an enquiry into the causes thereof would lead to much discussion. Besides drinking more punch than wine, the merchant of Glasgow spends the forenoon in healthful exercises, by which he avoids many diseases incident to those who are daily cooped up in crowded courts, or in small apartments among musty papers.

Whatever are the effects of punch taken in moderation, yet when taken in great quantities, it must weaken the stomach; and has a tendency, when conjoined with other causes, to bring on the gout, the gravel, and other disorders of a similar nature.

THE PERPLEXITIES OF A MAN OF LETTERS.

From the German—In Letters from Goodwin to his Friend.

DEAR ***

MY attachment to my old friend Thompson, at Henningstone, and my extreme partiality to the plain, but the heartfelt enjoyments his house affords, are well known to you.

Yesterday morning, the duke's private secretary came with a message from his highness to my friend, and, as soon as his business was over, Thompson brought him into

into the parlour, where his wife and I were sitting, and introduced me to him. As soon as the stranger heard my name and place of abode mentioned, he enquired if he had the honour of speaking with the author of several moral treatises, and a book of devotion, which he named? and, on my replying in the affirmative, he politely commended my works, said the Duke had read them, and that they met with his entire approbation.

The conversation then became general, till he went away, and when he took leave, he assured me, with great volubility, that he esteemed himself very fortunate in having made such a valuable acquaintance that morning; and that, if it were ever in his power to be any ways useful to me, he begged I would command his services without reserve. I regarded his profession of friendship as words of course, and forgot both them and him as soon as he was out of sight.

But, to my no small surprise, a note from my new friend was brought to me, whilst I was at dinner, in which he informed me that he told the Duke of my being at Mr. Thompson's, and that his Highness wished to see me; he, therefore, desired me to come to him at four o'clock, that he might present me to him, and added, that the porter would shew me to his room. I had above an hour's time to dress and prepare myself for the part I was going to act. As a man of learning, and one who was entirely independent, I determined to deliver my sentiments with modest freedom, assume an air of graceful dignity, preserve the equanimity of my mind, and not suffer myself to be dazzled by the glare of royalty.

I intended to avoid contradicting the Duke as much as was in my power, and equally resolved to assert my opinion, with the same ease and frankness as if I was speaking to an equal. That he would mention my literary productions was certain; that subject would afford me a desirable opportunity of making several learned and interesting observations, which I carefully recorded in my mind; and they would insensibly lead to a train of instructive and amusing ideas, with which I determined to entertain the Duke, and in a manner repay him for his kind attentions to me. I had finished my dress before I had settled my plan of operations, although the care with which I curled and powdered my hair, brushed my clothes, and adjusted every part of my dress, had required a considerable time. Thus adorned, I began my peregrination with such hasty strides, that my friend's eldest son, a rosy-cheeked boy, who had offered to shew me the way to the palace, could hardly keep pace with me.

My curiosity to know what would happen in a sphere that was entirely new to me, and, to own the truth, some movements of vanity, that the hope of appearing to advantage in it excited, were not powerful enough to suppress a certain uncomfortable and confused idea of my mind's not being quite at ease; although I would not own to myself that that was the case; but it certainly was, and my whole being was as much out of its place as the hat that I held in my hand, that it might not disorder my hair, was.

I unfortunately fancied that there was an awkwardness in my gait, as well as in the manner of carrying my hat; and my attention to myself, and endeavours to assume an easier air, gave me an appearance of

of pedantry and affectation, that, I believe, is not natural to me. I looked like a lad who is strutting about in a new suit of clothes: and even my little guide discovered (probably by my answers to his questions being shorter than usual) that I was not quite the same person who had walked out with him in the morning.

He told me, as we went along, that the boys at school were obliged to make orations twice a-year, to accustom them to speak in public, and that the last time he had rehearsed a fable. The reason of his telling it to me did not strike me at the time, but it occurred to me afterwards, that I probably appeared to him as fine, as stiff, and as anxious to gain applause, as he felt when he was going to mount the rostrum.

In this manner we arrived at the palace gate. You must go in there, said the friendly lad, pointing to it, and running back. The enquiries of the sentry who I was, and what I wanted? before he would allow me to enter, and the porter's interrogations before I had time to desire him to conduct me to my new friend, confused me a good deal; for immaterial as the questions they asked were, and easily answered, yet they flurried my spirits, and made me feel the uncomfortable sensation of being out of my own element, in which I could come and go unquestioned, as every one knew who I was. I, therefore, when shewn into the secretary's room, found myself less composed, and less eloquent, than I was an hour before.

The man was buried in papers, and informed me that some unexpected business, that he was obliged to dispatch immediately, prevented his having the pleasure of entertaining me till the Duke could see me, but that he would conduct me to two noblemen, whose names he mentioned, that wished to be acquainted with me, and that he had no doubt of my spending my time very agreeably with them, till the Duke sent for me, which he believed would be in about an hour. He desired me to follow him, without giving me time to recover from the surprise his unexpected reception had thrown me into, or even to answer him; ran down stairs, opened a room door, mentioned my name in a hasty manner, and immediately disappeared.

The magnificence of the apartment, the beauty of the hangings and ceiling, the number of ornaments, and the richness of the furniture, confused me, as I had not time to regard them distinctly; and my perplexity was increased by the extreme civility of the two strange gentlemen (one was old and the other young) and their frequently saying the politest things at the same time, to which I could only reply with a humble, and, I believe, a clumsy bow. Another vexatious circumstance was, that I had entirely forgotten their names and long titles; and the fear of their thinking me familiar or impertinent, if I only said Sir, greatly increased my ridiculous distress.

Oh! that those who are placed in the higher ranks of life possessed humanity and perspicuity enough not to judge too harshly of their inferiors, who happen to be thrown among them sometimes for an hour or two, because they appear a little awkward, unpolished, and unentertaining; or, if the custom seem as strange to them, as the etiquette which is observed at the Emperor of China's court, would appear to the most polished

courtier,

courtier, if he was suddenly transplanted from a German Prince's to that of Pekin! Something of this kind darted confusedly through my head, whilst the gentlemen were surveying me with curious eyes; but that reflection was far from tranquillising me, for I, perhaps unjustly, fancied that their want of feeling would not suffer them to think as I did. Their frigidity formed such a contrast to my warmth, and their composure to my uneasiness, that my disgust increased every moment, and with it, my taciturnity and reserve. I endeavoured to collect myself once or twice, but failed in every attempt; for, whatever I said, even when I was convinced of its propriety, seemed to me, as I pronounced it with hesitation, either affected or rude, pedantic or frivolous, that made me dissatisfied with myself, and when we are so, we are utterly incapable of pleasing others.

"You are probably an admirer of fine prospects!" said the young gentleman. He opened the window as he spoke, made a motion with his hand for me to approach it, and stepped back, to make way for me, with a look of indifference.

Had I been left alone a quarter of an hour, or, what would have been still more desirable, in your company that space of time, I should have recovered myself, and thought and acted in my usual manner. The view was enchantingly beautiful, and thawed, although but for a moment, my frozen mind: an extensive prospect, that inclosed some towns, and several villages, in their domains, majestic mountains, covered with dark groves on one side, and on the other fields and meadows, decked in the gay and variegated attire of summer, and striped with different hues of pleasing colours; just under the window the Duke's elegant garden, in which nature was so happily assisted by art, that the improving hand of the latter was hardly perceptible; and the *tout ensemble* formed the most picturesque scene that can be well imagined.

The river gently flowed along one side of the garden, then meandred through a grove, and at last formed an extensive angle that encompassed part of the town; and the busy bustle that was visible in the town, amused my mind, which, at the same time, was lulled into a pleasing melancholy by the various lights the whole prospect appeared in; for one side of it glittered in sunshine, whilst the other was covered with an awful gloom, that was caused by the dark clouds that were gathering in the west, and between both long streaks of light and shade were to be seen.

I turned round in the room with a head full of confused ideas. The two gentlemen were standing near the fire-place, and looking at some figures in bass-relief that were over it. It did not strike me at the moment that persons to whom the prospect was familiar could not admire its beauty with the rapture I did; but my warmth, and, perhaps, the secret wish to prove to them that I was not devoid of sensibility, made me express myself in terms that I felt the impropriety of the moment I had uttered them:—"Good God!" exclaimed I, is it possible for any heart to be cold and unfeeling enough to view such a prospect as this with indifference! those who can, are, in my opinion, objects of pity."

The eldest of my companions looked at me with contracted eye-brows, as if he was curious to know if any still greater absurdity would follow; the other smiled, and I stood as much out of countenance, as a child that has just broke a glass. That was foolish, very foolish indeed, thought I, and I felt as if I ought to make an apology for my seeming rudeness. I stammered something, that was intended to circumscribe my former unlimited assertion, which, as well as I am able to recollect, was not much wiser than what I said before; and I felt so depressed, and so much out of humour with myself, that I was not able to turn my eyes towards the window, nor to look at the prospect, the fatal cause of my present confusion, again, which must have made the gentlemen fancy my former violent admiration either affected, or very transient. They, however, did all in their power to keep up the conversation, and asked me a number of questions about the village I lived in, and my house, garden, and family—subjects that were totally indifferent to them; nor would they probably have made any enquiries of the kind, if they had not seen, and wished to relieve, my distress.

My replies were frequently incoherent and foreign to the purpose; and I once so entirely forgot myself, that I talked about my neighbour, John Morris, with a prolixity as if the man had been their cousin. I then recollected that I was tedious, and, to avoid that fault, ran into the contrary extreme; for my answers were so short and unconnected, that I am certain I must have been utterly unintelligible to them. In short, I every moment committed some fresh blunder, and my endeavours to repair my faults never failed leading me into new ones. My thoughts continually wandered from the society of strangers I was in, to that of my old acquaintance, and from the Duke's palace to my own village; it was, therefore, an impossibility for me to be entertained, or entertaining.

This company does not suit me!—was a thought that frequently started into my mind; but I now perceive how much I was in the wrong, and that the noblemen were quite in the right if they said, as soon as my back was turned,—"this man does not suit us!" for it was I alone who was in fault.

To be continued.

SHOOTING IN PRESERVES.

At the Essex Assizes, held in Chelmsford, an action of trespass was tried before Lord Chief Baron Macdonald, and a Special Jury, wherein Lord Braybrooke, the Lord Lieutenant of that county, was plaintiff, and John King Eagle, Esq. was defendant.

Mr. Pooley, for the plaintiff, shortly opened the pleadings.—Mr. Serjeant Shepherd, on the same side, stated, that the plaintiff was well known to many of the Gentlemen of the Jury; that his Lordship lived at Audley End, in the county, and near his mansion-house had preserves for the protection of game. That the defendant, Mr. Eagle, in the month of October last, was sporting in one of these preserves, called the Warren Ring, or Hare Warren, with his gun and a brace of pointers; that the dogs put up a cock pheasant, close to the

the pales of the menagerie, which the defendant, Mr. Eagle, fired at and killed. The report of the gun brought one of the keepers, Robert Plum, (whom he should afterwards call before them as a witness) to the spot, and going up to the defendant, he asked him if he had Lord Braybrooke's authority to shoot there, but the defendant made no answer. Plum then told him that the place where he was shooting was a preserve, and that Lord Braybrooke never shot there himself, or permitted any of his friends, and requested the defendant to go away, which he refused, and continued hunting his dogs through the plantation. As soon as he came out, Plum asked him his name, and desired him to produce his certificate; but the defendant gave him no answer, and proceeded across the lawn in front of the house, towards the turnpike road. Plum again applied to him for his name and certificate, which he still declined giving. The defendant then went up the turnpike road, and seeing one of the dogs pointing, near the hedge adjoining to a small plantation, called the Oaks, was going to get over, when Plum told him, he hoped that he would not go into that plantation, as it was another preserve of Lord Braybrooke's, where his Lordship never shot himself; notwithstanding this, the defendant persisted, and went over into the Oaks, and a cock pheasant rising, he attempted to fire at it, but the gun flashed in the pan. The defendant said it was a pity the gun had missed fire, or he should have had another pheasant in his bag. Some conversation then passed between the keeper and the defendant, who at length told him that his name was Eagle, and produced his certificate: he lamented that it was a wet day, and said he should come again. There were other persons of the party, who were not included in this prosecution; one of them of the name of Baker, who assisted in beating the plantations, and two others, who waited in the turnpike road with a curricle and gig.

The learned Serjeant stated, that Lord Braybrooke had great reluctance in bringing this action, but the continued depredations committed upon his manors, owing to the vicinity of Audley End to the University of Cambridge, compelled him so to do; that he had shewn great indulgence to many persons who had been found sporting upon his manors without leave; and the learned Serjeant pointed out an instance of a young friend of his own having been found trespassing, and had been treated by his Lordship with the greatest lenity. The practice, however, had got to such a pitch, that it was absolutely necessary to make an example: and he hoped the Jury would, under the circumstances of the present case, not only find a verdict for the plaintiff, but mark the defendant's conduct, by giving such damages as they might think reasonable.

The keeper, Robert Plum, was then called, who fully corroborated the statement of the learned Serjeant. Upon being asked the distance of the Warren Ring (where the defendant killed the pheasant) from Lord Braybrooke's house, he stated it to be three furlongs, and that the plantation called the Oaks adjoined his Lordship's garden wall.

There was another witness called, of the name of Elliott, but he was not examined.

Mr. Garrow made an eloquent speech for the defendant, but did not call any witness. The Jury, after

after a few minutes consultation, and a severe animadversion from the learned Judge on so unjustifiable an outrage, gave a verdict for the plaintiff, damages, 20l.

CAMPANOLOGY.

THE word *bell* is derived from *pelvis*, a bason; for before the invention of bells, sounding brass and basons were used instead of them. The soundness of earthen or china vases is still tried by ringing them with a finger. Bells must have been first used as signals to convene the people to their public devotions. Durand, who lived about the end of the twelfth century, says, "When any one is dying, bells must be tolled, that the people may put up their prayers. Let this be done twice for a woman, and thrice for a man; if for a clergyman, as many times as he had orders, and at the conclusion, a peal on all the bells, to distinguish the quality of the person. A bell, too, must be rung while we are conducting the corpse to the church, and during the bringing it out of the church to the grave."

Ray says, in his Collection of old English Proverbs,

> "When thou dost hear a toll or knell,
> "Then think upon thy passing-bell."

The Romans had small bells, which they called *tintinabula*; they were summoned by these to their hot-baths, and business of public places. The large kind of bells now in use is, by Pollydore Virgil and others, ascribed to Paulinus, Bishop of Nola, a city in Campania, about the year 400, and to have been generally used in churches about the 600th year of the Christian æra. In the time of Clothair, king of France, and the year 610, the army of the king was frightened from the siege of the city of Sens, by ringing of the bells of St. Stephen's church. In the time of Popery, bells were baptised and anointed Oleo Chrismatis; they were exorcised and blessed by the Bishop, from a belief that when these ceremonies were performed, they had power to drive the devil out of the air, to calm tempests, to extinguish fires, and even to recreate the dead. There are two Monkish Latin lines preserved, in which all the ancient offices of bells seem to be included, and are thus translated:—

> We praise the true God, call the people, convene the clergy,
> Lament the dead, dispel pestilence, and grace festivals.

The ritual for these ceremonies is contained in the Roman Pontifical; and it was usual in their baptism to give each bell the name of some Saint. The first consecrated bell was a very large new-cast one, by Pope John XIII. A. D. 968; it was called John.

In the little sanctuary, at Westminster, Edward III. erected a clochier, and placed therein three bells for the use of St. Stephen's chapel; about the largest of them were cast in the metal these words:

> King Edward made me three thousand weight and three;
> Take me down and try me, and more you shall find me.

But these bells being to be taken down in the reign of King Henry the VIIIth, one writes underneath with a coal,

> But Henry the Eight,
> Will bait me of my weight.

Sir Miles Partridge once staked 100l. against four bells, erected near

near St. Paul's School, the greatest in all England, and won them of Henry VIII. at a cast of dice.

In Fuller's History of Waltham Abbey, 1542, 34th Henry VIII. relative to the wages of bell-ringers, it is preserved from the churchwarden's account, "Item, paid for ringing at the Prince his coming, a penny."

It is said that the foundation of the fortunes of the Corsini family, in Italy, was laid by an ancestor, who, at the dissolution of the religious houses, purchased the bells of abbeys and other churches, and by the sale of them in other countries acquired a vast estate.

In the steeple of the great church at Rouen, in Normandy, is a bell with this inscription:

I am George of Ambois,
Thirty-five thousand in pois;
But he that shall weigh me,
Thirty-six thousand shall find me.

It is a common tradition, that the bells of King's College Chapel, in the University of Cambridge, were taken by Henry V. from some church in France, after the battle of Agincourt; they were sold a few years ago to Phelps, a bell-founder, in Whitechapel, who melted them down.

At Moscow, in Russia, the great bell weighs 432,000lbs. and which exceeds in dimensions every bell in the known world; it is nineteen feet high, twenty-one yards eleven inches in circumference at the bottom, and twenty-three inches its greatest thickness. At Pekin, in China, there are seven bells, each of which weighs 120,000lbs.

The following is the weight of some of the largest bells in England. The Great Tom of Lincoln weighs 9,894lb. when gauged, it will hold 4,024 gallons; its compass is seven yards and a half and two inches. The bell Dunstan, of Canterbury cathedral, weighs 70 cwt. The great bell of Exeter cathedral weighs 12,500lb.; the tenor bell of St. Mary-le-Bow, London, weighs 53 cwt.; that in York Minster, 53 cwt.; St. Peter's Norwich, 41 cwt.; St. Giles's, in Cripplegate, London, 36 cwt.; St. Chad's, Shrewsbury. 34½ cwt.; St. Margaret's, at Lynn, in Norfolk, 30 cwt.

In the year 1500, a flash of lightning struck the church of St. Alkmond's, in Shrewsbury, which is stated in their own Doomsday-book, that, "the Devil had got his claw upon the clapper of the great bell; and from his claw there issued a flame of fire, which did melt every bell in the church, threw the spire upon the ground, and melted much of the brass-work candlesticks—because an holy and righteous monk had, in a sermon, spoken tauntingly of his power and authority upon earth."

Some time ago, the large bell of the Cathedral of Glasgow was broke, and afterwards sent to London to be re-founded; it has lately been returned, bearing the following inscription:—

"In the year of grace 1594, Marcus Knox, a merchant, zealous for the interests of the reformed religion, caused me to be fabricated in Holland, for the use of his fellow-citizens of Glasgow, and placed with solemnity in the tower of their Cathedral.—My function was announced by the impress on my bosom, "*Me audito doctrinam sanctam ut discas,*" and I was taught to proclaim the hours of unheeded time. C.XC.V. years had I sounded these awful warnings, when I was broken by the hands of inconsiderate and unskilful men.

In

In the year M.DCC.XC. I was cast into the furnace, re-founded at London, and returned to my sacred vocation.

—Reader—

THOU, ALSO, SHALT KNOW A RESURRECTION.

May it be unto Life Eternal !"

The practice of ringing bells in change is said to be peculiar to this country; but the antiquity of it is not easily ascertained. There are in London several societies of ringers, particularly one called the College Youths: of this, it is said, Sir Matthew Hale, Lord Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench, was, in his youth, a member. Some of the most celebrated peals now known were composed about fifty years ago by one Patrick.

In 1684, Abraham Rudhall, of Gloucester, brought the art of bell-founding to great perfection; his descendants have followed the same business; and by a list published by them in 1774, the family, in peals and odd bells, had cast to the amount of 3,594.

We still retain a vestige of the old Norman curfew, at eight in the evening. William the Conqueror, in the first year of his reign, commanded that in every town and village a bell should be rung every night at eight o'clock, and that all people should then put out their fire and candle, and go to bed.—The ringing of this bell was called in French, Curfew; viz. cover fire.

The method of convening religious assemblies in monasteries, before the invention of bells, was going by turns to every one's cell, and with the knock of a hammer calling the monks to church. The instrument was called the night-signal and the wakening mallet.—In many of the Colleges at Oxford, the Bible-clerk knocks at every room door with a key, to waken the students in the morning before he begins to ring the chapel-bell; a vestige, it should seem, of this ancient monastic custom.

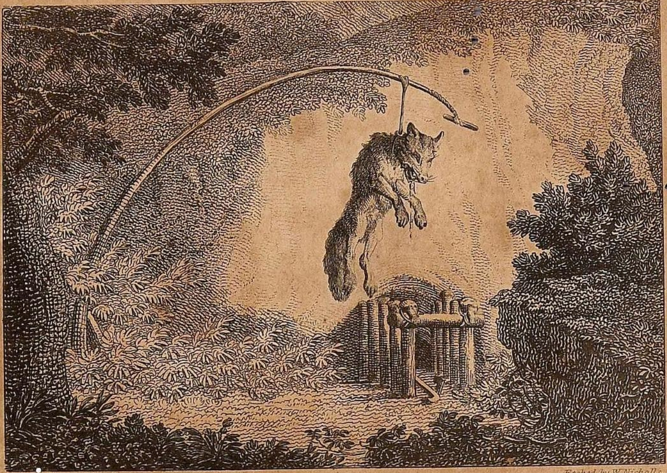
THE TRAP.

An Etching, by Mr. W. Nicholls, from the Works of Ridenger.

THE cap that distinguishes the German hunter, is made up *à-la-mode* of the skin of the wild fox: and so much in esteem is this part of the sportsman's habiliment, that he is known to give to the amount of twenty rix-dollars to procure it, a sum almost equal to five pounds British; but if the pelt be torn, or any way damaged, it becomes of less value, and is no way respected by gentlemen who delight in the sports of the forest: for this reason, the woodmen who supply the furriers in Germany are particularly careful to furnish the skin unimpaired. To accomplish this end, they set a trap in a way unknown in our country, although it has some small affinity in the operation to that set by our mole-catchers.

They first ascertain the fox being within his earth, and then form the sides of the trap so close to the entrance, that there is no other way for him to come forth, but through the wire prepared for him, at the end of a beam of elastic wood. It may be some time before he quits his station; at length, however, he is compelled by hunger, and rushing to the wood makes every thing loose, up springs the beam, and he is suspended beyond the possibility

of



Redinger pinx. Etched by W. Nicholls.

THE TRAP.

Pub.d by J. Wheble, Warwick Square London.

of escape, and, to the great satisfaction of the woodman, without a flaw in the skin, for the noose giving way to his struggles, presently deprives him of life, and the pelt is thus secured.

The annexed etching, by our ingenious artist, will convey a more perfect representation of the manner of making the trap, and of course be most desirable to our sporting readers.

T. N.

LIBERALITY.

THE present is, without doubt, the *age* of *liberality*. Every day is pregnant with instances of the most splendid acts of munificence; and it is truly said that he, she, or they, who in any deviation from the strict rules of decorum, or in any embarrassment of fortune, address themselves to the *liberal feelings* of the public, are sure of *indulgence* and *protection*. Thus, when an actor gets too much *in spirits*, or an actress makes a *faux pas*, they have only to throw themselves on the *liberality* of the audience. And thus when a capital singer made the *amende honorable* for a foolish advertisement, by a letter in which she concluded with a *liberal* declaration, that she desired permission from the managers of the Opera, only to sing for *two public charities*—the world rung with her praises—it was an act so very magnificent!—In two days after we were informed, by a regular notice from a *music master*, that he had *engaged* her to sing at *four* public concerts, and that *four* ladies of fashion had been so *liberal* as to give him up their houses for the performance. Here are instances of *liberality* worthy of commemoration. First, the manager of the Opera is so *liberal* as to permit Madame Catalani to do what she did not require of him, to sing for a private, instead of a public charity, and the gentleman, we suppose, gives her a *liberal* douceur for her trouble.

But the condescension of the ladies of fashion, who generally permit their mansions to be converted into *spectacles*, and who open their doors to all the *miscellany* of a foreigner's subscription, illustrates the liberal character of the age. This is a point of refinement in liberality to which the sullen dignity of our ancestors made no pretension. And it is a mode of setting at defiance the *prudery* of the Theatre in Argyll-street, "that is to be totally dedicated to the class which ought to be kept separate and distinct from any other,"—as well as the *nice arrangement* at the Opera, from which "the persons whom it is easier to understand than to describe" are to be excluded.—At the elegant *public rooms* of the Marchioness of *this*—or the Marchioness of *that*—or the Marchioness of *t'other*—or of any Marchioness, let me ask, who will question the *right of admission* to any one whom the *fiddler* has put down in the books of his *dear* and *liberal* Duchess of A. the Countess of B. or the Lady C.?—It is a most happy expedient to secure *freedom* under the mask of *restraint*, and to enjoy the most perfect relief from *censure*, by having one's house too *crowded* for *observation*!—We must also admire the *œconomy* of this new fashion. Of old, when a noble Lady gave a splendid concert at her mansion, the noble Lord's *oaks* or his *elms* paid for the *piping*. She was obliged to *engage* the *fa-*

vourite voices and *instruments* of the year.—Now she is herself *engaged*, and receives a number of tickets in proportion to the *capacity* of her rooms, and the *extent* of her *attraction*.—In this way the palace of a Duchess may *let* for more than that of a Countess—And the hotel of a Baroness for double that of a 'Squire's Lady.—It would be an edifying *caricature*, worthy of Gilray's pencil, to contrast the anxious features of a lady of high fashion, standing in an attitude of suspence, while an Italian musician was *pacing* her suite of rooms to ascertain their length and breadth, and to fix the number of tickets he would give for the accommodation!

People talk of the waste and extravagance of the present age.—Does this look like waste!—To what an exquisite degree of domestic management we have attained, when we can thus convert even the extremity of ostentation into a source of revenue!—Opening one's own house has other advantages—It is obviously *commode*.—It affords facilities which are incompatible with the conspicuous character of a public place, every avenue to which is necessarily open: but here *publicity* is united with *retirement*—and the *pêle-mêle* with the *select*.—For while in the state room the crowd are astonished by the mellifluous *starts* and *compass* of Catalani—delighted by the executive science of Billington—or captivated by the graceful attitudes of Grassini—while the Misses are all thrilling enamoured over the dulcet *cadenzas* of Le Kaneu—and the Dowagers are enraptured with the full organic volume of Dragonetti—my Lord and my Lady may now have their *partie choisee* in the parlour; or each may have a *partie fine* in the library and boudoir, for the age is too *liberal* for any malevolent constructions—We are all too polished to harbour the vulgarity of scandal.—And it is manifest, that the ladies of fashion give up their houses to their music masters and fiddlers—only because their music masters and fiddlers *are the very best people in the world, and because the present is the age of liberality*.

PEDIGREE AND PERFORMANCES OF REGULUS.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

IN your last Magazine, *page* 156, under the head, "The Godolphin Arabian," where it is stated, "He was sire of Lath, Cade, Blank, Babraham, and Regulus, who were all afterwards stallions of repute, and the latter (who won, in one year, *seven* King's Plates, and was never beat) proved, &c."—To correct a mistake in the number of the Royal Plates said to be won by *Regulus*, I have taken the liberty of sending you the Pedigree and Performances of that once favourite Racer and approved good Stallion, whose blood is now, and ever will be, esteemed and valued by every breeder who is a judge of Pedigree. Your's, &c.

W. P.

August 15, 1808.

REGULUS was bred by Lord Chedworth, at whose death he was sold to Mr. Martindale, of St. James's-street, London.

Regulus was got by Lord Godolphin's Arabian; his dam, Grey Robinson,

Robinson, by the Bald Galloway; grandam, (own sister to Country-Wench) by Snake; great grandam, Grey Wilkes, (own sister to Clumsy) by Mr. Wilkes's Hautboy, out of Miss D'Arcy's Pet Mare, a daughter of a Sedbury Royal Mare.—*Grey Robinson* and her dam (the *Snake Mare)* were both bred by Mr. Robinson, of Easby, near Richmond, Yorkshire; the former he sold to Mr. Howe, and the latter, after she bred Shock, (1729) to Mr. Metcalfe, which mare was distinguished by the name of "Mr. Metcalfe's Old Snake Mare." The *Snake Mare* was also the dam of Mr. Howe's Foxhunter, by the Bald Galloway; and Shock, by Jigg; of Lord Portmore's Squirt, by Mr. Bartlett's Childers; Mr. Metcalfe's Gay, by Mr. Bethell's Arabian; Brown Russett, by Lord Lonsdale's Bay Arabian; Lady Caroline, by Flying Childers; Lady Betty, by the Duke of Devonshire's Black-legs, &c. &c. *Squirt* was sire of Marsk, Syphon, and Mr. Pratt's favourite Old Mare, that was the grandam of Rockingham, Walnut, &c.—*Marsk* was sire of Eclipse, &c. and *Syphon* was sire of Tandem, &c.

In 1745, *Regulus* (in the name of *Sweetlips)* won 50l. carrying 12st. at Epsom, beating Poppet, Brisk, and Chance. He was then named *Regulus*, and in the same year won the King's Plate at Winchester, beating Mr. Grisewood's Teazer; walked over for the King's Plate at Salisbury; won the King's Plate at Nottingham, beating Mr. Hutton's Wormwood, Mr. Vavasour's Champion, and distanced two others; the King's Plate at Canterbury, beating Mr. Grisewood's Teazer; the King's Plate at Lewes,* beating Mr. Smith's Grey Lincoln; the King's Plate at Lincoln, beating Mr. Vavasour's Champion; and the King's Plate at Newmarket, in October, beating Lord Portmore's Grey Lincoln, and Mr. Everett's Lowther:—Regulus won the first heat so very easy, that Lord Portmore and Mr. Everett withdrew their horses. At Newmarket, in April, 1746, he won the King's Plate, beating easy, Mr. Grisewood's Teazer, who was drawn after the first heat.

Regulus, at six years old, won *eight* Royal Plates, and a 50l. Plate, 12st each.—He was *never beat*, and was much superior to any other horse of his time.

Regulus then became a favourite and very valuable Stallion in the North of Yorkshire, and was sire of an uncommon number of racers, stallions, and brood-mares; notwithstanding, it has been asserted that Mr. Martindale cleared by him, as a stallion, little more than one thousand guineas.

He died at Low-Gaterley, near Catterick, Yorkshire, in 1765, aged 26.—He covered at 10gs. and 5s.

THE AFRICANS;

OR,

WAR, LOVE, AND DUTY.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

THIS new Drama, imputed to the pen of Mr. Colman, has produced houses tolerably crowded for several evenings past.—It is called *The Africans*, because the scene is laid in Africa, and the characters are principally of the sable cast. The second title of the Play is *War, Love, and Duty.*—Of these

these, the war consists of an attack on the Mandingos, and on the Foulhas, whose town of Tatticonda they destroy, &c. This happens just as Selico (Mr. Young), is to be joined in wedlock with his love, Berissa, (Mrs. Gibbs) daughter of an aged priest. Some time after, amidst the horrors of war, Selico thinks he finds the headless and mangled bodies of Berissa and her father; on which, of course, he makes a very pathetic speech.—Well, now comes the duty. Amidst the distress of the place, Darina, the mother of Selico, Madiboo, (Fawcett), and Torribal, (Farley), is absolutely starving, and her dutiful sons consult on the means of preserving her. This in itself is a curious circumstance, that although we hear of much distress, she appears to be the only individual in a state of wretchedness. The most natural remedy, we think, would have been, that as the three brothers must have some food themselves, each of them might contribute his share, after the common observation, that what is enough for three will do for four. But this simple means would not suit the tragic story of the poet. No, Selico insists that his brothers shall sell him as a slave to some English merchants then arrived, to which they reluctantly agree, but on coming to the market he finds that he will fetch so small a sum, as to be inadequate to relieving his mother. Fortunately, at this moment, a very large reward is offered for the apprehension of some unknown person, who had, on the preceding night, procured access to the favourite captive of the King; he determines that his brother shall give him up as the delinquent. This is done, and Madiboo obtains the reward. He is for this alledged crime sentenced to be burned with the female prisoner he is supposed to have visited. The culprits are led to stakes opposite each other, and in his fellow-sufferer he discovers his Berissa. Her father now rushes in, and proves to have been her clandestine visitor. Darina also appears with Torribal and Madiboo; and the King, touched with the constancy and filial affection of the lovers, pardons, and gives them to each other.—Such is the tragic part of the piece, to enliven which Madiboo, amidst the serious scenes around him, is always cracking his jokes, besides singing *à-la-Fawcett*, a song about a blind priest of Kajaaga and his wife's rump. But the principal comic personage is Henry Augustus Mug, of Snow-Hill, turner, (Liston), who has come to Africa to purchase ivory, and is there made a slave; but in the course of the play, in consequence of the revolution, occasioned by the war aforesaid, becomes Prime Minister to the Mandingo King. This gentleman takes great delight in repeating his own name, and in clapping together the most abominable collection of vile puns that we had ever the misfortune to hear, and of disgusting political clap-traps.

There is much fine writing in the piece, rather too much indeed to put into the mouths of savage Africans. 'Tis a great pity, that *The Africans* was not reserved for a Christmas vacation, as our young masters would doubtless have been greatly delighted with a rising sun, brilliant scenery, a burning city, tawdry dresses, grotesque dancing, and horrid yelling; although even they would have asked why Madiboo, when he proposes to reconnoitre the enemy, stops to join Mug and Sutta in a trio; why Mr. Mug

Mug is continually repeating his name and his business; why he is made a Secretary of State; and why Madiboo, when he has obtained provisions for his famishing mother, stops to pronounce a Philippic against Napoleon, to make and listen to several beautiful puns, and to panegyrise the English, who are purchasing and enslaving his countrymen. These are questions it would not be difficult to answer; for the young gentlemen might be told, that the first is in imitation of an Italian Opera, where Mentor holds Telemachus on the brink of a rock, from which he is about to throw him into the sea, while he sings a bravura. That the second is in compliance with the elegant and classic modern fashion of having something, which the author fancies *funny*, well imprinted on the memories of his audience, as "*Peter Trot, of the Minories, in the tatoe line*;"—that the third is on the model of Mr. Cherry's Irishman in China; and that the fourth is caused by a consciousness that the play cannot rest on its own merits for support, but must depend on the good humour of the audience, whom it is therefore necessary to inform, that Bonaparte is a ferocious murderer, that the French are slaves, and that John Bull alone is witty, brave, benevolent, and full of virtue.

We shall only now remark one egregious impropriety. While all the Mandingos are completely black, and the Foulhas copper-coloured, yet Berissa, a Foulah lady, and daughter of a copper-coloured priest, appears with as fair a skin, both face and arms, as was ever displayed by the handsome Mrs. Gibbs. If this lady is above colouring herself on the occasion, Mr. Colman should have somehow accounted for his fair friend retaining her native hue.

The piece has undergone several improvements. The song we have inserted in our poetical department, from this piece, will serve as a specimen of the poetry.

UNNECESSARY SPEED.

INNKEEPERS and others, who keep horses to run this very hot season of the year, ought to provide the following medicine, that every coachman or post-boy may have it in readiness to give to those horses taken sick upon the road:

Recipe.—Take tincture balsamic, and compound spirits of ammoniac, each one ounce; prepared kail, two drachms; one cordial ball, or, in its stead, one ounce of ginger root, fresh powdered; to be given in a pint and a half, or a quart, of cold water. This will greatly refresh the animal, and in general prevent those ill consequences, which daily occur through heat and over-driving. If the beating or palpitation of the heart be severe, add two drachms of tincture of opium to the above, which may be repeated every two hours, if required.

Upon the above subject a sensible correspondent observes:—

"It rarely occurs that any individual can be so imperiously situated as to be under the necessity of depriving these very useful creatures of existence, or of reducing them to that wretched state of suffering in which they are so often seen; nine times out of ten, the only object of this speed is to shorten the traveller's drive through a pleasant country, in order to take possession three minutes sooner

sooner of a dirty parlour in a still dirtier inn, from the window of which he may view the miseries which his impatience has produced.

"When I observe advertisements which state the short time in which certain coaches run certain distances, I cannot help reflecting on the daily sufferings of the poor horses. Are such noble animals to be wantonly abused, contributing as they do, in such a variety of ways, to our uses and comforts? and is it not a disgrace to humanity, and to a civilised country, to hear and read of the numbers which have of late fallen victims to over fatigue?

"In circumstances where the interference of the Legislature would be next to impossible, the discretion of the driver ought to counteract the want of humanity in the traveller.

"That these observations may tend to awaken some sparks of pity in the breasts of my countrymen, for the sufferings of a noble, useful, and beautiful race of animals, who, though they have not the gift of speech, can feel as keenly as ourselves, is the sincere wish of "VIATOR."

INSTINCT OF A DOG.

To the Editor.

SIR,

IF you think the following instance of sagacity in a dog worth recording, I beg you will insert it in your Magazine.

I shall detail the facts, leaving to your better judgment the manner in which they ought to be given to the public.

On Wednesday last, my groom went to Windsor on horseback, accompanied by three dogs, two pointers, and a terrier; on his return, within about half a mile of home, the horse on which he rode took fright, threw him, and ran home, attended by two of the dogs, the terrier and one pointer: the appearance of the horse at home without the man, naturally excited in the hearts of the other servants an apprehension that some accident had befallen him, and two of them, a man and woman, went in quest of him; after searching in vain about two hours in the lane, which is in the direct road from hence to Windsor, they were induced to look into the cross road, whither they went through a field; whilst in the field, the man called the groom's name aloud, which was answered by the barking of a dog. The woman observing, that she thought it the voice of the dog which had not come home, they directed their course to the spot whence the voice proceeded. As soon as they got into the lane, they descried a dog at a distance making towards them, which proved to be the very dog. Upon coming up to them, he discovered alternate symptoms of joy and uneasiness, and ran before them, as if desirous of shewing them the cause. They followed, when lo! he conducted them to the spot where lay the man in a ditch by the road side, apparently lifeless! They dragged him along home, and laid him in a bed, the dog staying with him the whole time, and, by a whining noise, discovering his anxiety. The persons who were in the room made several attempts to turn the dog out, but without success; they were at length so won upon by the creature's manners, that they allowed

him

him to remain, when he at length placed himself on the man's bed, and watched him with the most painful anxiety, and as he groaned, so did the dog mourn, proportioning the height and duration of his voice to that of the man; nor did he quit the bed until twelve o'clock of the following day, when the man seemed restored to his senses! What is more remarkable is, that from the time he was laid upon the bed, the man was alternately affected with a stupor or total insensibility, and a most ungovernable frenzy, and in the latter state directed his violence to the poor animal, treating him most unmercifully, but the dog would not leave him. The man, I am glad to say, is recovering fast, and the dog is in my possession, his value not a little increased by the circumstances I have related.—I have the honour to be, Sir, your most obedient servant,

JAMES DOVE.

Wexham House, Stoke Green, July 31, 1808.

DANCING WOMEN OF MYSORE.

From Buchanan's Journey in that Country.

A Certain number of dancing women are attached to every temple of any consequence. The allowances which the musicians receive for their public duty is very small, yet morning and evening they are bound to attend at the temple, to perform before the image. They must also receive every person travelling on account of the government, meet him at some distance from the town, and conduct him to his quarters with music and dancing. All the handsome girls are instructed to dance and sing, and are all prostitutes, at least to the Brahmins. In ordinary sets they are quite common; but, under the Company's government, those attached to temples of extraordinary sanctity, are reserved entirely for the use of the native officers, who are all Brahmins, and who would turn out from the set any girl that profaned herself by communication with persons of low cast, or of no cast at all, such as Christians or Musselmen. Indeed, almost every one of these girls that is tolerable sightly, is taken by some officer of revenue for his own special use, and is seldom permitted to go to the temple, except in his presence. Most of these officers have more than one wife, and the women of the Brahmins are very beautiful; but the insipidity of their conduct, from a total want of education or accomplishment, makes the dancing women sought after by all natives with great avidity. When a dancing girl becomes old, she is turned out from the temple without any provision, and is very destitute, unless she has a handsome daughter to succeed her; but if she has, the daughters are in general extremely attentive and kind to their aged parents. To my taste nothing can be more silly and unanimated than the dancing of the women, nor more harsh and barbarous than their music. Some Europeans, however, from long habit I suppose, have taken a liking to it, and have even been captivated by the women. Most of them that I have had an opportunity of seeing, have been very ordinary in their looks, very inelegant in their dress, and very dirty in their persons; a large proportion of them have the itch, and a still larger proportion are more severely diseased.

FEAST

FEAST OF WIT.

A Gentleman having written the word *terror* in a letter he was sending to a friend, an acquaintance standing by, told him it would have been an *error*, if the *t* had been left out.

A PERSON who had been dining on board a ship of war at Spithead, observed to a friend, the day following, "that naval officers drank a vast quantity of wine."—To which his friend immediately replied, "Ah! but you should make some allowance, for they do not drink in that sort of way when they are *out of port!*"

A MAN at a fair was asked, as he passed along, if he would have a chance at one of the *E. O. Tables?* happening to be very hungry, he cried, "No, no, but shew me the place where I can find some *E.-A.-Tables* and depend on it, *they* will stand no *chance* at all."

A STORY-TELLER.—A great teller of stories was in the midst of one of the best at his evening club, when notice was brought him, that a ship, in which he was going to the West Indies, was on the point of sailing; he was therefore obliged to leave off abruptly. On his return from Jamaica some years afterwards, he repaired to the club, and taking possession of his old seat by the fire-side, resumed his tale: —"Gentlemen, as I was saying——"

BARON Munchausen.—The Captain of a West Indiaman, who could shoot a long bow, told this story—"Gentlemen, last year, coming over the banks of Newfoundland, we hooked an immense shark, and there appeared a difficulty of getting him on board. I went down to my cabin for my pistols, which I always kept loaded, and just as I was going to fire one of them at the monster, it slipped out of my hand, and fell into the sea. Soon after the shark broke the line, and made his escape.—Well, Gentlemen, coming home this voyage, nearly about the same latitude, we again hooked a shark, and with some difficulty he was hauled on deck. As the people were cutting him up, I was surprised to hear a report something like a pistol-shot; and, Gentlemen, would you believe it? this was the identical shark that had swallowed my pistol, which now went off in consequence of a stroke of the knife with which they were ripping up his belly. You may, perhaps, think I have used a licence too often indulged in by travellers, and fabricated this story; but my mate, and all my ship's company, if they were here, would tell you the same."

MUNCHAUSEN Reproved—The same West India Captain, talking of the tenacity of life in turtles, affirmed that he had seen the head of one which had been cut off three weeks, and was in a complete state of putrefaction, open its jaws. The company seemed by their looks rather to doubt the veracity of the story, but did not choose to give the gentleman the lie. One of them, however, observed, that it

it was indeed very strange; adding, "Pray, Captain, could you have believed such a thing if you had not seen it?"—"Indeed," answered he, "I could not."—"Then," rejoined the other, "I hope you'll excuse me, if I don't believe it."—It is almost unnecessary to add, that the laugh was completely against the Captain.

LATELY, a poor woman applied to the overseers of a parish in the city for relief, and among other particulars stated, that she had had *seventeen* children.—"What was your husband, good woman?"—"He was a *labouring man*, Sir!"

A DESERTER being conducted to his regiment, assured his comrades, who had volunteered for Spain, that he came by *forced marches* to assist in the glorious struggle.

THICK ANCLES.

"HARRY, I cannot think," says Dick,
"What makes my ancles grow so thick."
"You do not recollect," says Harry,
"How great a CALF they have to carry."

THE insolvency of a late attorney was accounted for by one of his friends very logically. "He lived without *causes*, and died without *effects*!"

A WOMAN of indifferent character, being lately examined by a certain Barrister with his usual boldness, she observed, "*Impudence*, which has been the *making* of you, has caused my *ruin*."

A THEATRICAL report, in the modern style, forms a very curious combination. Sometimes a piece is received with *thunders* of applause—then the appearance of a favourite performer is *hailed* with rapture! A comedian is praised for his *fire*—a tragedian reproved for being cold as *ice*—and a singer applauded for his excellence in a particular *air*! Mix these ingredients properly together, and the result will truly be the *elements* of criticisms.

A PERSON has been tried at the country assizes for stealing a silver spoon, which he pretended to have carried off in a *joke*. The Jury, however, happened to be too dull to understand such jokes, and the *wit* was sentenced to be *transported*!

KING JOE AND JO-KING.

QUOTH NAP to his Brother, "What makes you so sad?
"If thus wildly you look, folks will think you're turn'd mad!"
Poor JOSEPH deep sigh'd,
And dolorously cried—
His visage most ruefully stroking—
"'Tis all over, you know,
"With wretched *King* JOE,
"And therefore 'tis no time for *Joking*!"

A SUITOR having applied at Serjeant Cockle's Chambers, was told, Mr. *Cockle* was going out of town. "I thought so," said the enquirer, a Feversham dredger, "for *oysters* are coming in."

CURIOUS PUN.—A *wise* man (observes a Scots punster,) is like a *blind* man, because he is apt to *feel loss of eyes* (philosophize).

ANOTHER.—Mr. Whitbread's *porter store* is like *Dukes' Place*, because it is where *Hebrews* (he brews) drink in.

WHEN any of the Jew prigs are *pulled up*, viz. apprehended, they invariably produce a number of Israelitish witnesses, to swear they are very *industrious* people.

A few days ago an *attorney's clerk*, of the name of *M'Rarey*, and a *journeyman taylor*, of the name of *Macintosh*, were prevented from fighting a duel at Chalk-farm, by the interposition of the police. The following is a literal copy of the challenge :—

"Mr. Mac Rarey—You are to come to cholk farm to morrowe morning at halfe past six o'clock and you are to harm yourself with whatever you please acept sword.

"William Macintosh.

"103, *Warder-strette*."

An advertiser of *fire-arms* very strongly recommends to the notice of the public his *duelling pistols*. We suppose they are calculated to make a *noise* in the world, without *killing* the combatants.

The *bailiffs* are particularly displeased with the rage for *running races*, that exists among young men at present, as few of the former have the *agility* to accomplish an arrest.

At a recent dinner in the city, the chairman proposed a health, but neglected to pass the bottle; upon which a facetious citizen exclaimed—"Mr. President, I will thank you for some wine, for a *dry toast* always gives me the *heart-burn*."

At the assizes on the Northern Circuit, a bumpkin was tried for the rural amusement of *breaking a head*. The Counsel for the prosecution observed, "that the offence was of a most serious nature, as it affected the security of the *Crown!*"

Poor Delpini—We have to announce, died the 23d ult. in a *stable*, a few miles from York. He is much regretted by those who were acquainted with his qualifications;—as a public character, he was perfectly *well-bred*, and was accustomed to strain every nerve in the service of his employer. He was too frequently *spurred on* from the hopes of gain; and, like other objects of general animadversion, he often endured the *lash*. From circumstances unnecessary to mention, he was, in the course of his life, *saddled* with heavy incumbrances; and, on several occasions, he was reduced to the necessity of *biting the bridle*. He was free from any material *blemish*; and such was the estimation he enjoyed, that in most instances he has distanced his competitors. The greatest shade in his character was, a propensity to *indiscriminate amours*; for though never married, he has left behind him a *numerous progeny*, many of whom he lived to see take good *courses*; and yet such was his general abstinence, that, during a long existence, he drank nothing but water.—To prevent mistakes, it may be necessary to mention that the deceased was not the facetious *clown*—but a celebrated *race horse*.

FRIENDSHIP.

FRIENDSHIP is like a cobler's tie,
That joins two *soles* in unity,
But love is like the cobler's awl,
That pierces through the *sole* and all.

A gentleman was heard to say, that he would at all times be his own *lawyer* if he had occasion for one; a wag replied, "then you will very frequently have *a fool* for your *client*."

Learned dogs and pigs have formerly given much amusement to the public; and in all probability

we

we shall soon hear of learned *cats*, as there were lately sent to the master of an academy, in Monmouthshire, a hamper, containing *twenty-three* living cats, the *music* of which was so inharmonious to the passengers, that the coachman was obliged to take them from the roof, and leave them to be brought on by the next stage, to the great mortification of their owner, who anxiously expected their arrival.

The lady of a new-made Knight being asked to drink a glass of wine, refused, because her physician had put her upon a *regiment*, which was to drink water; "Then, Madam," said Mr. Alderman Birch, "I presume you belong to the *Cold-stream*."

As a *dashing female*, habited in the fashionable costume of the whip, was exercising her skill in driving, the charioteer was complimented by an *Hibernian inamorato*, "That she looked for all the world like a *male* coachman."

The Earl of Ormond (whose family name is Butler) and the Hon. Mr. Cooke encountered a chimney-sweeper one morning in the streets of Dublin. His Lordship, in a vein of humour, said, "Well, Sooterkins, what news from Hell?" "Nothing, (replied the gentleman in black) but that the Devil stands in need of a *Cook* and a *Butler*."

At a late festive meeting of volunteers, the following toast was given, "*A plum pudding*, in the heart of France;" which was thus explained—"The flour of England, and the fruit of Spain."

The *cubs of fashion*, who have not cash to go to any of the watering places, are now called *Bond-street owls*, as they never stir out of doors before *midnight*, lest they should be discovered to be so *horribly ungenteel* as to *remain in town*.

The following *jeu d'esprit* was occasioned by the circumstance of a son of Vulcan having fallen in love with the niece of a Norfolk Baronet:—

A Caution to all aspiring young Men.—Whereas I, (a son of Vulcan) having been misled by the glances and encouraging smiles of a fair damsel (exalted far above my humble situation), dared avow to her the flame which she kindled, bright as the brightest that ever supplied my forge, strong as the bout-hammer, and steady as the hand that wields it; it required no fuel but what her eyes supplied, and her lips acting like bellows, blew it to such a pitch, that as the sparks rise from my chimney, so it escaped the confines of prudence, and issued forth in the language of love;—fond and fervent was the strain—long and anxious the interval that succeeded—again the quill was active—still all was silent as the grave—despair seized on my heart—wan is my cheek—lost is the lustre of my eyes—the music in the village has ceased—my song in the church is no more—I returned to the house of prayer, silent and dejected I sat—I wandered forth to meet no smiles but those of scorn, no words but of derision.—My sun of hope is set. Ye youths, beware of the syren smiles of beauty, the *seeming* looks of kindness that beguile our easy hearts, and like the Will o' the Wisp, lead but to destruction.

WINNERS OF ROYAL PLATES AT YORK.

Continued from our last Magazine, Page 187.

1770 MR. O'Kelly's Eclipse,* by Marsk—*walked over*
1771 Mr. Wentworth's Melpomene, by Alcides
1772 Hon. J. S. Barry's Raggamuffin, by Northumberland
1773 Mr. Wentworth's Achilles, (late Presumption) by Jalap
1774 Mr. G. Hartley's Towzer† (alias Counsellor) by Alcides
1775 Mr. Isaac Cape's Teucer, by Northumberland
1776 Mr. Ayrton's Cashkeeper, by Doge
1777 Sir James Lowther's Ajax, by Carnatic
1778 Mr. Ellis's Diana, (late Zingara) by Shakspeare
1779 Mr. Bethell's Magnumbonum, by Match'em
1780 Mr. Coates's Orpheus, by Le Sang
1781 Mr. Freeman's Standby, by Prophet
1782 Sir John Lade's Nottingham, by Tantrum
1783 Mr. Vernor's Drone, by King Herod—*walked over*
1784 Sir J. L. Kaye's Recovery, by Hyder Ally.—*(Young Eclipse dislocated a fetlock-joint in running)*
1785 Lord Surrey's Cumberland, by Phlegon
1786 Lord Archibald Hamilton's Alexander, by Mungo (late Leviathan)
1787 Mr. Bullock's Rockingham, by Highflyer
1788 Duke of Norfolk's Merrylass, by Young Marsk
1789 Mr Wetherell's Windlestone, by Magnet
1790 Mr. Baker's Cavendish, by Young Morwick
1791 Lord Lauderdale's Scorpion, by Il'mio
1792 Mr. Wastell's Tickle Toby, by Alfred—*walked over*
1793 Mr. Welburne's Comet,‡ by Phænomenon
1794 Mr. Cornforth's Antæus, by Phlegon, 5 years old—*Restless broke down*
1795 Lord Darlington's St. George, by Highflyer
1796 Mr. Baker's Screveton, by Highflyer
1797 Mr. Wentworth's Trimbush, by Young Morwick

* *Eclipse* won *eleven* King's Plates, (the weights for *ten* of which were 12st. each) which was one more than was ever won by any horse in England.—He was never beat, and was allowed by all ranks of sportsmen to be the fleetest horse that ever ran in England, since the time of *Childers*.—He was afterwards a very valuable stallion, and died at Cannons, Middlesex, on Saturday the 28th of February, 1789, aged 25.

† Previous to the races, the Duke of Ancaster, Master of the Horse, gave notice in the London Gazette, that it was his Majesty's command, that the one hundred guineas usually run for at York, should, in future, be determined by *one four-mile heat only*, subject in all other respects to the usual rules.

‡ *Comet* was only five years old, and the only horse in that year who had won the Royal Plate at York since 1710, (the first commencement) which was won by Bay Bolton.

1798 Mr.

1798 Mr. Cookson's Diamond, (brother to Screveton) by Highflyer
1799 Sir Frank Standish's Stamford,* by Sir Peter Teazle, 5 yrs old
1800 Mr. Johnson's Sir Solomon, by Sir Peter Teazle, 4 years old
1801 Lord Darlington's Agonistes, by Sir Peter Teazle, 4 years old
1802 Mr Dawson's Quiz, by Buzzard, 4 yrs old
1803 Lord Darlington's Agonistes, by Sir Peter Teazle, 6 yrs old
1804 Sir H. Williamson's Honest Starling, by Sir Peter Teazle, four years old
1805 Mr Garforth's Evander, by Delpini, 4 years old
1806 Lord Fitzwilliam's Sir Paul, by Sir Peter Teazle, 4 years old
1807 Mr Mellish's Luck's-All, by Stamford, 4 years old.

DELPINI.

ON Saturday, July 23, at four o'clock in the afternoon, died, aged 27, at Mr. Thomas Kirby's Stables, without Walmgate - Bar, York, that once celebrated racer and favourite stallion, DELPINI.—He was bred by the Duke of Bolton, and sold, at three years old, to Sir Frank Standish, Bart. He was got by Highflyer, out of Countess, by Blank :—*Countess* was the dam of Cobscar, Vizard, Greybeard, Achilles, and Horatia, the dam of Stamford, Archduke, Paris, &c.

On Monday, at York August Meeting, 1786, he won the 25gs. stakes for all ages, four miles, beating Verjuice, Grey Highflyer, and Optimus. On Wednesday, he won the Subscription Purse for five-year olds, four miles, beating Pitch, Leveret, and Posthumous; and on Thursday, he won (giving his year) the Subscription Purse for six-year old and aged horses, four miles, beating Faith and Glancer. He also won several stakes and matches at Newmarket, and was the best runner of his year, Rockingham excepted.

Delpini was sire of the following winners; viz.

Mr. Wharton's Kilton.
Mr. Goodricke's Prior, Cardinal, St. Anne, Rigadoon, and Agnes, afterwards Mr. Whaley's (of Ireland) Duchess of York.
Mr. Wetherell's Skelton.
Mr. Cradock's Tiptoe.
Mr. Lumley's Miss Ann.
Mr. Cholmondeley's Abraham Wood, Nixon, and Knutsford.
Mr. H. Sitwell's Clymene.
Mr. Artley's Dido and Duchess.
Sir T. Gascoigne's Golden-Locks, Flutter, Opposition, Timothy, Symmetry, Maid of the Mill, Slapbang, Flutter, Theophania, Lenox, Confederate *alias* Drum-Major, &c.
Mr Fenton's Allegro and Dapple.

* March, 1799, The Earl of Westmoreland, Master of the Horse, gave notice, that it was his Majesty's command, that the one hundred guineas usually run for at York, by six-year old horses, were not to be limited to such in future, but to extend to the following ages, viz. four-year olds, carrying 10st 4lb; five-year olds, 11st 6lb; six-year olds, 12st; and aged, 12st 2lb. but subject in all other respects to the usual rules.

Mr.

Mr J. Hutchinson's Little Scot.
Colonel Maxwell's Miss Beverley.
Sir J. Leicester's Blue-Beard.
Mr. Fletcher's Camperdown.
Mr. Clough's Hopwell.
Mr. Trapps's L'Abbé.
Mr. Tatton's Laborie.
Mr. Singleton's Patch.
Mr. Fenton's Stourton.
Mr. Alderson's Baron Nile.
Mr. Coventry's St. Ives.
Hon. R. L. Savile's Sabella.
Mr. Smith's Confessor.
Hon. G. Watson's Striver.
Sir H. T. Vane's Capricio.
Mr. Wastell's Scotia.
Mr. G. Hutton's Saxoni.
Mr. Garforth's Evander, Vesta, and Helen.
Lord Stamford's Gayman.
Mr. N. B. Hodgson's Priscilla.
Mr. Topham's Young Lucy.
Colonel King's Hessle.
Colonel Harbord's Master Betty.
Sir M. M. Sykes's Sir Launcelot.
Mr. Mason's Trafalgar.
Mr. Mellish's Bradbury.
And several others.

ACTION FOR A BREACH OF THE GAME LAWS.

TRIED AT THE SUSSEX ASSIZES.

Hebden *v.* Luff.

THIS was an action to recover a penalty for a breach of the Game Laws. The action was founded on the Statute of the 9th of Anne, cap. 25, sect. 2, which gives a penalty against any unqualified person having game in his possession, and makes the mere having of it evidence of an exposure to sale. Mr. Courthorpe having stated the law, next produced evidence of the fact, which was proved by two gamekeepers, as follows:—That being on the watch early in the morning, they heard the screams of a hare, upon which they looked about, and discovered a hare in a trap, not far from the cottage of the defendant; they lay in wait, expecting that the person who set the trap would come to see what it produced: they saw the defendant come to the trap, and take the hare out: upon this they came out of their concealment, but the defendant seeing them, threw the hare away, and denied that he had had any; they, however, found the hare at a little distance from him.

Mr. Serjeant Best submitted to the Court, that this was not such a possession as the Act meant when it made possession an exposure to sale.

The Learned Judge, on referring to the Act, declared he did not wish to extend the Game Laws, but the words were so very positive, that he did not know how to get over them. It in express terms made all possession of game by an unqualified person an exposure to sale.

The Jury found the defendant *Guilty*.

THE ASWAMEDHA JUG; OR, HORSE SACRIFICE.

From the Rev. Mr. Maurice's Indian Antiquities.

THIS ceremony, the Indians, doubtless, derived from the Persians, among whom, according to the whole stream of classic antiquity, the *horse* was in a peculiar manner sacred to the sun. In their pompous sacrifices to that deity, a radiant

radiant car, glittering with gold and diamonds, and drawn by *white horses*, in imitation of those æthe-rial coursers which, they imagined, rapidly conveyed the orb of day in its progress through the expanse of heaven, constantly formed a part of the procession. It was preceded by a train of led horses, sumptuously arrayed, and of uncommon beauty and magnitude, who were the destined victims of that splendid superstition. The Massagetæ, too, that warlike race, who, according to Strabo, opposed the arms of the great Cyrus, adored the sun, and sacrificed horses to that deity. Horses, however, were not only sacrificed to the sun in the ancient æras of the Persian empire; for the Persians paid likewise a religious homage to water: and Herodotus says, that on the arrival of the army at the Strymon, the Magi sacrificed nine *white horses* to that river, into which they threw them with a quantity of rich aromatics.

In a Hindoo commentary upon the Vedas, the Aswamedha-Jug, we are told, does not merely consist in bringing a horse and sacrificing him, but the rite is also taken in a mystic signification.—"The horse so sacrificed is in the place of the sacrificer, and bears his sins with him to the wilderness into which he is turned adrift."—From this particular instance, it seems that the sacrificing knife was not always employed.

Mr. Halhed, in the preface to the Code of Gentoo Laws, observes, that this ceremony reminds us of the scape-goat of the children of Israel, and, indeed, it is not the only one in which a particular coincidence between the Hindoo and Mosaic systems of theology may be traced.

The Ayeen Akberry says, the Aswamhedha Jug is performed only by great monarchs previous to their entering upon a war; that he then carries victory wherever he goes; and that whosoever has performed this ceremony a hundred times, will become a monarch in the upper regions. The annotator upon the Hectopades differs from this account; for he says that the sacrifice of the horse, in ancient times, was performed by a king at the conclusion of a great war, in which he had been victorious.

We shall take another opportunity of selecting from the Indian Antiquities an account of the Gomedha Jug, or Sacrifice of the Bull.

THE SILLER GUN.

A Poem, in Four Cantos; with Notes, and a Glossary. By John Mayne, Author of the Poem of Glasgow, &c.

THIS new poem, though written in a great measure in the Scottish dialect, is uncommonly perspicuous, and by no means deficient in vivacity. It is founded on an ancient custom in Dumfries, called "*Shooting for the Siller Gun*."

The gun is a small silver tube, like the barrel of a pistol, but derives great importance from its being the gift of James VI, that Monarch having ordained it as a prize to the best marksman among the Corporations of Dumfries. The contest was at first intended to take place every year, but now, whenever the festival is appointed, the birth-day of the reigning sovereign is invariably chosen for that purpose. The institution itself may be regarded as a memorial of the Waponshaw—the shooting at butts and bow-marks, and other military sports,

sports, intended to keep alive the martial ardour and heroic spirit of the people.

We further learn, from the author's preface, that it was the contest for this gun, in June, 1777, that gave rise to the composition of the first verses, entitled, "*The Siller Gun.*" They were afterwards published by Mr. Ruddiman, in the Edinburgh Weekly Magazine, and thence copied, and printed in various forms, by different persons.

These verses, in some respect, constitute the ground-work of the present poem; but the additions and alterations are so numerous, that scarcely an original stanza remains. The author has also ventured to introduce a circumstance which occurred at a festival posterior to that period. He trusts, however, that the illustrious names which irresistibly dictated this little anachronism, will, with every candid and patriotic reader, plead its excuse.

In our poetical department will be found a specimen of the author's versification.

A REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF COURAGE.

A Young French Nobleman, not quite twenty years old, (the Count de B. Lieutenant of cavalry) was attacked by a wolf of an extraordinary size. The furious animal first seized the horse, and tore off such large pieces of his flesh, that M. de B. was soon dismounted.—Then the wolf flew at him, and would certainly have torn him in pieces, had he not had great presence of mind. With one hand he seized the wolf's foaming tongue, and with the other hand one of his paws.—After struggling awhile with the terrible creature, the tongue slipped from him, and his right thumb was bitten off; upon which he leaped upon the wolf's back, clapped his knees fast to his flanks, and called out for help to some armed peasants who were passing by, but none dared to advance. "Well, then," said he, "fire; if you kill me, I forgive you." One of them fired, and three bullets went through the brave officer's coat, but neither he nor the beast were wounded. Another, bolder than his comrades, seeing the Cavalier was intrepid, and kept firm upon the wolf, came very near, and fired at him; the animal was mortally wounded, and after a few more furious motions expired. In this dreadful conflict, besides the losing of his thumb, the young Count's left hand was torn, and he got several bites in his legs and thighs.

MEXICAN TENNIS.

THE people of Mexico have a singular law in their play with the tennis-ball.—In the walls of the court where they played, certain stones, like mill-stones, were fixed, with a hole in the middle, just large enough to let the ball pass through, and whoever drove it through, which required a great deal of skill, and was, of course, but rarely effected, won the cloaks of such as were standing by to witness the game. They, therefore, took to their heels, to save their cloaks, and others pursued to catch them, which was a new source of amusement.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

THE disputed race, last year, at Lewes, between Orville and Cerberus, has been settled by the stewards, to whom the case was returned by the Jockey Club, as depending upon a point of fact which the latter had no means of ascertaining.—The stewards have decided, that as the evidence was equally strong on both sides, the prize be equally divided between the parties.

Mr. Thomas Gascoygne has accepted a challenge given by a Hampshire courser, Mr. Villebois, to produce a *North Country greyhound* to run against a Norfolk dog. The match is for 100 guineas, and is to be run at the next Swaffham Meeting.

His R. H. the Prince of Wales, it is reported, having entertained an opinion that Rubens was lame, and would not be able to run at Lewes, offered him to Lord Darlington for 1000 guineas, to which his Lordship assented, with a proviso that Sam. Chifney, the jockey, should give him a gallop, and he would be determined by his judgment.—This was accordingly done; and the *knowing one* warranting Rubens sound, Lord Darlington concluded the bargain, by means of which he saved forfeiting two matches in which he was engaged against him, and won about 12,000l. besides. Chifney, who rode Rubens in a capital style, also *netted* considerably. His Lordship has been since offered 3000l. for his purchase.

The Duke of Grafton's Vandyke has completely disgraced his breeding, by not having won the Derby Stakes, at Epsom, or the Pavilion Stakes at Brighton; for the latter he was a considerable favourite; and for the Derby, a celebrated sporting man, who about six months previous to the race had taken 1,300l. to 100l. that he did not win, was so confident of his winning, that he would not embrace the opportunity of hedging, which the change of the odds afterwards afforded, but stood it all, and was consequently minus 100l.

At Brighton races, on the Wednesday, the practice of running across the course, when cleared for the jockies, had nearly caused the complicated destruction of three *stupid animals* in female garb, who, in the act of crossing after the bell had rung for the starting of the horses, precipitated themselves violently against Lord Egremont's Canopus, by which two of them were thrown under his feet. The rider manifested a skill in their preservation almost unparalleled, and deservedly received the commendations of hundreds who witnessed the accident, for though almost at speed, he so directed the animal as to pass over them, and a man who fell at the same instant, without the slightest injury, except the shock of the fall.

On Tuesday the 2d instant, a match against time, for twenty guineas, was decided on Northampton race-course, by a four-year old mare,

mare, belonging to Mr. William Dunkley, of that town. The mare was to run ten miles within half an hour, which was performed with great ease in twenty-nine minutes; keeping an uniform pace the whole distance, without the application of whip or spur to increase her speed.

On Tuesday, the 2d instant, three excellent races were run over the North Sands of Ardrossan, Scotland, for subscription purses. The first and third afforded good sport. The second was very keenly contested. The whole was conducted in such a manner as to do great credit to the stewards.—The fineness of the day greatly contributed to the other sports, which were attended by many thousands of spectators, who, after regaling themselves in the inns and booths fitted up for the purpose, retired, much pleased with the sports of the day. The stewards, after electing their successors, dined at the ordinary at Campbell's.

The officers of a regiment of light dragoons, stationed at Deal, lately made up a subscription purse of 100 guineas, to be run for on the Downs by ten officers' horses, each gentleman being his own rider. The gentleman who was foremost at starting, continued to increase his advantage until he was about two horses lengths a-head of the second horse. The horse then stumbled, and the gentleman was thrown. Notwithstanding the nine following horses passed over him, he did not receive the slightest injury from any of them. There were several bye-matches, which afforded a great deal of sport; and the evening concluded with a ball, given by the military gentlemen to the principal inhabitants of Deal and its vicinity.

The Caledonian Hunt is fixed this year to be held at Stirling, and continues a fortnight; it begins early in October.—The Fife Hunt is held at Cupar, and continues a week.—Cupar races are also during the week. The Hunt commences on the 19th of October.

A very excellent and well-contested race took place on Wednesday the 10th, on Epsom Downs, between a bay horse belonging to Captain Birch, of the 1st regiment of dragoon guards, and Captain Oliver's brown mare Humming Bird. Captain Birch's groom rode the horse, and Captain Oliver the other. It was one heat only, over a two-mile course. At starting, the mare took the lead; she was afterwards distanced, but soon recovering the ground again got a-head, and came in at the winning post by a length at least. The mare won easily. The race was for 100 guineas.—Although the intended sport was but little known, there were on the Downs many elegant equipages; among the pedestrian spectators were many amateurs of note.

Coach Race.—On Sunday the 7th of August, a coach called the Patriot, belonging to the Master of the Bell, Leicester, drawn by four horses, started against another coach called the Defiance, from Leicester to Nottingham, a distance of twenty-six miles, both coaches changing horses at Loughborough.—Thousands of people from all parts assembled to witness the event, and bets to a considerable amount were depending. Both coaches started exactly at eight o'clock; and after the severest contest ever remembered, the Patriot arrived at Nottingham

tingham first by two minutes only, performing the distance of twenty-six miles in two hours and ten minutes, carrying twelve passengers.

The 4th instant, a master shoemaker, of no small stature, in the Borough, undertook, for a wager of five guineas, to pick up an hundred stones, placed at the distance of a yard from each other, in the space of an hour and twenty minutes. The spot fixed on for honest Crispin's pedestrian feat was in a field near Walworth. At the commencement, odds were greatly in favour, but after having gathered up fifty in less than twenty minutes, he became so exhausted by his exertion, that he was actually compelled to lie down; and from the violent state of perspiration which he was then in, was incapable of renewing his labour with any chance of success.

On Tuesday the 9th instant, a foot race was run in a field near Shooter's-hill, between a soldier in the artillery at Woolwich, and a carpenter, at the same place. The wager was for five guineas; the former to run one hundred yards whilst his opponent went fifty, carrying a heavy man on his back; several bets were depending. The wager was decided in favour of the latter.

Thursday the 13th instant, Mr. J. Bateman, wheelwright, of Spilsby, after pitching four heavy loads of hay, engaged to walk six measured miles within the hour, on the turnpike-road leading from Spilsby to Boston, which he performed with ease, having a minute and half to spare. The last mile he walked in eight minutes. During the given time he stopped twice to drink.

A man of the name of Mitchell, a labourer of Shearn, in the New Forest, was produced by Mr. Mitchell, a country gentleman, in pursuance of a bet, in the early part of this month, to go sixty miles a day for eight successive days. It was generally supposed on the sixth day he would accomplish the undertaking. He however was taken feverish on going to rest on the sixth day, and was unable to proceed further than a public-house near Romsey, Hants, at which place he slept. The pedestrian did sixty miles in fourteen hours on the first day.

A singular shooting-match took place on the 30th ult. at Little Chart, near Canterbury, between Mr. Davis, of Pleukley, and Mr. Hatch, of Westwell, for five guineas, to shoot at twenty-five potatoes, thrown up in the air, which were all hit by the sportsmen, and the wager consequently was not decided.

Remarkable Shot.—As the park-keeper, (Frost) belonging to Lord Grenville, at Boconnoc, in Cornwall, was lately in pursuit of a strayed buck, an old vixen was roused in a wood, by the dogs, and shot by him with a single ball, which entered the centre of her forehead, and passed through the neck into the ground, as she approached him full speed on the common, at a distance of upwards of fifty paces, to the astonishment of the spectators who accompanied him.

Wrestling, Single-stick, and a Fight.—The olympic games of single-stick, wrestling, &c. at White-horse-hill, near Uffington, Berks, Friday and Saturday the 5th and 6th instant, were numerously

and respectably attended, and afforded a high treat to the amateurs. The prize at single-stick, after much excellent play, was won by Flowers, from Somersetshire.—And on the Monday following a most determined and sanguinary pitched battle was fought, adjoining Rottinden-common, between George Marsh, a hostler, and Samuel Beven, a champion from the west.—The match was for one hundred guineas, and the exhibition took place in the presence of a numerous field of country sportsmen. Marsh was two stone heavier than Beven, who was something under eleven stone, but to balance the match, he was a better fighter than Marsh, who, however, with the same bottom, ultimately won the battle, by weight and strength. The conflict was obstinately maintained for full two hours, and even at the conclusion, both were so hit, that it was even betting that neither would be brought to set-to again; Marsh did so, however, with the assistance of his second and bottle-holder, and his adversary was carried off the ground.

The match of single-stick in Salisbury race-week, for want of previous proper arrangement by persons skilled in the game, did not at all answer public expectation. The Wiltshire men uniformly play with the arm naked; the Somersetshire men generally play with the arm padded; hence each kept a different guard, and either can conquer in their own mode of play. It had been advertised that the play should be on Wednesday with the arms naked; the Wiltshire men contended that they were of course to play as usual for *two bloods*, by which they hoped not only to gain the prize of the day, but to have time and opportunity so to disable their adversaries, playing out of their usual mode, as to have an equal chance of victory on the following day.—The Somersetshire men insisted on playing the first day *one blood*, that they might the less expose their unpadded arms. On this point the day was wrangled away with very little play, and without any contest between the *crack* men of the two counties.—The Somersetshire men thus reserved their arms, and in consequence, on Thursday, they gained every head of the Wiltshire men, and played off the ties for the prizes *in a friendly way* among themselves.

Monday the 22d instant, as some boys were gathering mushrooms in St. James's Park, they started a fox on the north side of the bason. Reynard ran with great velocity towards the Horse Guards; but by the time he got to the end of the canal, the cry of " fox! fox!" had been echoed from one end of the Park to the other, so that a great number of people were collected there to impede his progress. Reynard was, however, too cunning to encounter a host of soldiers, and immediately took the water, and swam a considerable distance up the canal, bidding defiance to his pursuers. In the mean time, two recruits, expert swimmers, stripped and went after him, but they were soon distanced. Reynard, however, got tired of his aquatic excursion, and approached the shore, when he was at last caught by Serjeant Lovie, of the 3d foot-guards, who carried him in triumph to the guard-house.—The fox was afterwards discovered to be the property of Major Stanhope, of the guards.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

SONG,

Sung by Mr. Fawcett, in the new Play called "The Africans."

A Priest of Kajaaga, as blind as a stone,
When he took to his bosom a wife,
Cry'd "Deary, I never shall see you, I own,
"But you'll be the delight of my life."
Then his arm o'er her shoulder he lovingly pass'd,
And says he, "My love, what is this lump?"
She faultered a little—but told him at last,
"Please your Holiness, only my hump."

Says the Priest, "then we cannot cohabit, d'ye see,
"Though I tenderly love you indeed!
"For I've taken an oath, that my children shan't be
"Of the camel and buffalo breed."
So he married another he fancied would fit—
Coming home in sweet conjugal talk,
She stopp'd the blind Priest, saying "sit "down a bit,
"For my legs are too bandy to walk."

"Bandy legs," said the Priest, "can't "be counted for sins,
"So sit there, as still as a mouse;
"For Mahomet curse me if ever your "shins
"Shall waddle you into my house."
Then he turn'd up his eyes, like the white of boil'd eggs,
And pray'd thus, to Mahomet, smack;
"Good Prophet, afford me a wife with good legs,
"And with never a hump on her back."

Then the voice of the Prophet in thunder was heard,
And rumbled thus over his head;
"A handsome young woman that can't speak a word,
"Shall bless your blind Rev'rence's bed."
The Priest he bow'd low, crying, "Mahomet's kind;
"Of happiness this is the sum!
"For a handsome young wife likes her old husband blind,
"And most men like a wife that is dumb."

THE SILLER GUN.

A POEM.

(Vide Page 239 of this Number.)

AFF to the Craigs, the hale forenoon,
By a' the bye-gates round and round,
Crouds after crouds were flocking down,
In nines and tens,
Deserting, fast, the bonniest town
That Scotia kens.

O! happy they wha, up twa story,
Saw the procession in its glory!
Alang the roads it left out o'er ye
Sic clouds o' stour,
Ye cou'dna see your thoomb before ye
For ha'f an hour!

They wha had corns, or broken wind,
Begood to pegh and limp behind:
Laith to sit down, and still inclin'd
To try their pith,
"I hope we'll dance yet, ere we've din'd,"
Cries Geordy Smith.

To cheer them wha began to fag,
The Minstrels lows'd Apollo's bag,
And lilted up, tho' still they lag,
"The Reel o' Boggie,"
And "Willy was a wanton wag,"
Wi' "Kath'rine Oggie."

But

But " Robert's March to Bannockburn,"
To leave his banes in Freedom's urn,
Or, glorious and triumphant, spurn
Intended thraldom,
Sae rais'd their hearts at ilka turn,
That nought cou'd hald them.

" O! blessings on his warlike name!
" On Wallace, and Sir John the Græme!
" While Freedom dare assert her claim,
" Or virtue blossom,
" Wallace and Bruce shall aye inflame
" The patriot bosom!"

A' this, and mair, they seem'd to say,
And rent the air wi' thrice huzzay!
" Out owr the hills and far away,"
The pipers play'd;
And soon they reach'd, fu' blithe and gay,
Their grand parade—

Where louder grew the busy hum
O' friends rejoicing as they come:
Wi' double vir the drummer's drum,
The pint-stowps clatter,
And bowls o' negus, milk and rum,
Flow round like water.

" Tak a gude waught—I'm sure ye're weary,"
Quoth Anny Kaillie to her deary:
John, fain to see his wife sae cheary,
Indulg'd the fun,
Got fou, and danner'd lang and eerie,
And tint his gun—

And miss'd, mairowr, the endearing charms
(The very thought ilk bosom warms!)
Of auld acquaintances in swarms,
Meeting like brithers,
And wie-things giggling i' the arms
O' their fond mithers!

And bonny lasses, tight and clean,
Buskit to please their ain lad's ein,
Lasses, whose faces, as the scene
Its tints discloses,
In glowing sweetness intervene,
Like living roses!

Conveener Tamson's troop, the while,
Prepare for action in great style;
The lave their various firelocks pile,
By three and three,
And, 'tween ilk corps, for ha'f a mile,
Their banners flee.

The drums and fifes a flourish made;
Three loud huzzas the menyie gaed,
And clear'd the stance, that ilka blade
The mark might view,
Far glist'ning, like a white cockade
Wi' sprainges o' blue!

Then there were tents, where, frank and free,
On divet-seats, sae cozielie,
Auld birkies, innocently slee,
Wi' cap and stowp,
Were e'en as blithe as blithe could be—
A' fit to lowp!

Pleas'd, they recount, wi' meikle joy,
How aft they've been at sic a ploy;
Descrive past scenes; re-act the boy,
And a' his wheems:
Sweet days of youth, without alloy,
Like fairy dreams!

Meantime, the younkers on the green,
In merry rounds are dancing keen:
Wi' rapture sparkling i' their ein,
They mind fu' weel
The sappy kiss, and squeeze, between
Ilk blithesome reel.

And, as the Highland flings begin,
Their heels grow lighter wi' the din;
They smack their hands, and chin to chin,
They cut and caper;
Ev'n the by-standers figure in,
And flounce and vapour!

But a' this while, wi' mony a dunner,
Auld guns were brattling aff like thunner,
Three parts o'whilk, in ilka hunner,
Did sae recoil,
Fowk thought their liths and limbs asunner,
In this turmoil.

Wide o' the mark, as if to scar us,
The bullets ripp'd the swaird like harrows;
And, fright'ning a' the craws and sparrows
About the place,
Ramrods were fleeing thick as arrows
At Chevy Chace!

Yet still, as thro' the tents we steer,
Unmov'd the festive groups appear!
Lads oxter lasses without fear,
Or dance like wud;
Blithe, when the guns gaed aff so queer,
To hear the thud!

Steeking his ein, big John M'Maff
Held out his musquet like a staff;
Turn'd tho' the chield was ha'f-and-ha'f,

His

His head away,
And, panting, cry'd, " Sirs! is she aff?"
In wild dismay.

Poor gowk! ne'er us'd to wars' alarms,
And but ae holiday in arms,
His fears foresaw a thousand harms—
But here the Muse
Propones, in Verity's sweet charms,
A short excuse:

Peace and gude-will had been sae lang
The burthen o' the people's sang,
Their arms like useless lumber hang,
Till France, amain,
Decreed, wi' fell invasion's fang,
Our soil to stain!

Then, ere our King cou'd gi' command,
Up raise the genius o' the land!
Dumfries, in mony a chosen band,
Enarm'd appears,
Fit, in ae phalanx, to withstand
A host o' spears!

O! in his King and Country's cause,
How blest is he wha nobly fa's!
Bright Fame her gowden trumpet blaws,
And deathless story
Devotes his name, wi' loud huzzas,
To endless glory!

Amid the scenes, depainted here,
Of inexperience, doubt, and fear,
Auld sportsmen fir'd correct and clear;
And Samuel Clark,
Mild as the spring when flow'rs appear,
Just miss'd the mark!

When his gun snappit, James M'Kee,
Charge after charge, charg'd to the eie:
At length she bounc'd out-owr a tree,
In mony a flinner—
" For God's sake, bairns, keep back!" cries he,
" There's sax shot in her!"

Wull Shanklin brought his firelock hither,
And cock'd it in an unco swither:
Ae drunken Souter jeer'd anither
To come and learn—
Fuff play'd the priming—heels owr ither,
They fell in shairn!

Just i' the moment o' disgrace,
Conveener Tamson saw their case:
O! how he hid his manly face,
And fleech'd thae fallows,
To think upo' the glorious race
O' godlike Wallace!

William M'Nish, a taylor slee,
Rouz'd at the thought, charg'd his fuzee;
Took but ae vizzy wi' his eie—
The bullet flies
Clean thro' the target to a tee,
And wons the prize!

His winsome wife, wha long had miss'd him,
Press'd thro' the croud, caress'd and kiss'd him:
Less furthy dames, (wha' cou'd resist them?)
Th' example take;
And some held up his bairns, and bless'd them,
For daddy's sake!

In William's hat, wi' ribbons bound,
The Gunny was wi' laurel crown'd;
And while triumphant owr the ground,
They bore him tenty,
His health in streams o' punch gaed round,
" Lang life and plenty!"

Wi' loud applause frae man and woman,
His frame spread like a spate wide foaming:
Warse deeds hae gi'en to mony a Roman
Eternal fame;
But prodigies are grown sae common,
They've tint the name!

PARTRIDGE SHOOTING.

From a Poem lately published, entitled " FOWLING."

SEPTEMBER comes to cheer the fowler's heart,
And raise his anxious hopes; day after day
He marks the fruitful country change around
With eager eye. First from the fertile meads,
Divested of their widely-waving load,
The fragrant hay-rick rises. Gentle swains,
If chance should lead you to the chosen spot,
Where the shy partridge forms her simple nest,
The embryo offspring spare; and, when your scythe
Levels

Levels the grassy vallies, should your foot
Approach the helpless brood, step back with care,
Nor our fond hopes destroy: the trusty cur
That nightly guards your house, or in the fields
Protects your vestments and your frugal fare,
Whilst far from home you ply your mid-day work,
Permit not to approach;—so may success
And plenty wait upon your rustic toils,
And crown the circling year with joyful gains.

As nearer now the sportive season comes,
The fowler marks the corn-fields change around,
From green to yellow; 'till the potent sun
Embrowns the nodding ear: When ev'n-ing comes,
He walks around, and carefully surveys
The promis'd grounds, and ev'ry well-known haunt
Of the coy game recalls; whilst warm Desire,
By Fancy fir'd, Time's narrow limits bursts,
Or the dull interval, impatient, chides.
Should he some spot between thick shel-t'ring woods
Espy, where, in long range, the clus-t'ring shocks
O'erspread the ground, a livelier joy invades
His beating heart, and, with no niggard praise,
He loads the skilful farmer's early care.
But when the jolly harvest o'er the plains
Diffusive reigns at large, his joy is full,
And mingles with the mirth that cheers the scene.
Welcome to him the busy sickle's sound
Among the rustling fields, or sweeping scythe;
Welcome the laugh, the shout, and noise confus'd,
That from the early dawn to day's de-cline,
Load ev'ry swelling gale. He joins the throng,
Partakes their pleasures, and foretells his own.
Then not alone he walks; beside him wait,
Attentive to his voice, of aspect grave,
His trusty pointers, soon to be indulg'd
In the full freedom of their fav'rite sport.

At length arrives the glad important eve;
To-morrow from the strict, but just re-straint
Let loose, th' unshackled fowler shall re-joice.
What joyous hurry and what pleasing cares
Through Britain's coasts prevail! from east to west,
From north to south, continuous they extend;
What region, or what district so unblest,
Where the prolific partridge is unknown,
Or eager fowlers doom them not to death?
For me, before the welcome hour arrives,
What wild emotions agitate my breast!
Sleep oft forsakes my couch, or should its dews
My heavy eye-lids bathe, in dreams I view
Th' expected covies, and the happy morn
Rises with all its joys before my eyes.
Come, long anticipated hour, oh come!
Depart, ye envious shades of Night; and thou,
Fair Dawn arise, and o'er the humid world,
With rosy fingers lead the cheerful Day!

PUGILISM.

OH! for a muse, to whom the Nine must yield,
To sing the glories of the *Sebright* field,
Where Gregson like a huge volcano stood,
And pour'd irruptions fierce of boiling blood;
His *less'ning* eyes a *mourning* hue disclose,
While crimson torrents issue from his nose;
Now gapes his face in many a gory ridge,
And now his nose has lost her stately bridge;
Loud, and yet louder, rings the pond'rous pound,
While savage shouts re-echo to the sound;
And now the batter'd wretch essays to trace
The ragged remnants of his mangled face,
Less horrid only than Grimaldi's smile,
When the baboon attempts some humo-rous wile;
Or, like the visage grim, that frowns before
The knocker huge, of Newgate's massy door;
Or, as the softness of an Irish bog
Reveals the countless nails in Paddy's brogue,
So, Gregson, did thy *varied* face declare,
How often Gully's fist was planted there.